The Bystander, October 29, 1919. No. 830. Vol. LXIV.

The BYSTANDER

STONEWALL TACTICS

LLOYD GEORGE: "I told you I wanted BRICKS—and you bring me STONES!"

BY WILMOT LUNT

ENTERTAINMENTS

EMPIRE. Gerr. 3527.
ALFRED BUTT presents
Serge Diaghileff's Season of
RUSSIAN BALLETS
Evenings, 8.30. Mat., Sats., 2.30.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7541.) 2.30 and 7.45 p.m.
PHYLLIS NEILSON TERRY, ADA REEVE, CLARICE MAYNE, MARIE NORDSTROM, TAMARA SWIRSKAYA, LOCKHART'S ELEPHANTS, Etc.

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ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S 9TH HIPPODROME REVUE.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8.30.
(REVUE starts at 2.50 p.m. and 8.50 p.m.)
GEORGE ROBEY, Leon Errol, etc.
IN PREPARATION: 2nd EDITION.

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Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.0 8.45
Programme commencing Monday, October 27.
LITTLE TICH, BEATTIE & BABS, ELLA SHIELDS, DAISY DORMER, G. H. ELLIOTT, ESTA STELLA, WHEELER & MORAN, ANNA DOROTHY, INA HILL, Varieties,

ADELPHI. (Gerr. 2645).
"WHO'S HOOPER?"
W. H. BERRY, Marjorie Gordon, Cicely Debenham, Robert Michaelis.
Evenings at 8. Mats., Wed. and Sat., at 2.

ALHAMBRA. Every Evening at 8.
Mats. Wed., Thurs., Sat. at 2.15.
"EASTWARD HO."
Violet Loraine. Ralph Lynn.

COURT. MAURICE MOSCOVITCH in
"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"
MARY GREY as PORTIA.
Every Evening at 8. MATINÉES, WED. and SAT. at 2.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."
THE GEORGE EDWARDES Production.
(Under the direction of ROBERT EVETT).
Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester, Bertram Wallis, Thorpe Bates, Pop Cory, Mabel Sealby, Faith Bevan, and José COLLINS.
NIGHTLY at 8. MATINÉES, TUES. & SATS. at 2.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Mlle. GINA PALERME
in a New Musical Comedy
"THE GIRL FOR THE BOY."
EVERY EVENING at 8.15. MATINÉES, WED. & SAT., at 2.30.

GLOBE. ('Phone Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR.
Every Evening at 8.15. Matinées, Weds. and Sats. at 2.15.
"THE VOICE FROM THE MINARET."
MARIE LÖHR, ARTHUR WONTNER, NORMAN McKINNEL.

LYRIC.
"THE BIRD OF PARADISE"
By Richard Walton Tully
Evenings at 8. Wed. and Sat., at 2.15.

PRINCES THEATRE. Nightly at 8.15.
GILBERT and SULLIVAN OPERAS.
"IOLANTHE."
Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.
MONDAY NEXT, November 3, 'THE MIKADO."

QUEEN'S. Evenings, 8.15. Mats., Thurs. and Sats., 2.30.
"THE CINDERELLA MAN."
Owen Nares
Sydney Valentine. E. Holman Clark.
Renee Kelly.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL. KENSINGTON.
PERCY BURTON presents LOWELL THOMAS
in marvellous moving picture travelogue
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Daily 2.30. (except Sat.) Nightly at 8.

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2. That notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident.
3. That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation.
4. That such holder shall, prior to the accident, have written his or her usual signature in ink or pencil in the space provided underneath, and that this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, so signed shall be forwarded to the Corporation with the notice of injury or death.
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Signature of holder.....

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Bystander Comments

Bill Gawber Orates

"I AIN'T sulking," remarked Bill Gawber, as he turned up his pint-pot and meditatively shook into his mouth the remaining drops of the modern beer that neither cheers nor inebriates. "No, Clarence, you ain't no call to sye that. But I bin irritated. All along of a telephone gell."

"Your case is very common, my dear chap."

"Ho? Is it? Do yer git yer 'ead jored off when. . . . Ar, yer give me the sick. I was getting on to the works this morning ter tell 'em I'd bin setting up with me mar-in-law as is queer, and felt too funny like ter go ter work. Central 99559, sez I. Wot! sez the gell, incredurlus like; 55995. No, yer (curly cattle); 99559 I said. Ow, she sez. Keep yer 'air on, she sez. I got it all right: 99995. Then I give 'er a friendly word. 'Old yer row, she sez; yer ain't fit ter use a telephone, she sez. I know yer bark. Yer Bill Gawber 'avin' a bit of a mike, ain't yer? Don't cher know me? Mybel. Ar! Mybel, I sez, 'oo was you with last night? I sez. Shut yer mug, she sez, an' go 'ome. Telephone ain't ready for yer yet. Illingworth ain't started spendin' the three millions, she sez. Wot's he goin' to blow it on, sez I. Goin' to give you six new exchanges, thousands of lines, she sez, and put yer through to Marie Lloyd or the Archbishop o' Kenterberry, accordin' to wot yer fancy, she sez. But yer got to wait a bit, until 'e can get switchboards. The Guvment don't allow 'em to be imported, she sez, so we ain't got any. Imports, sez I, that's perlitical econermy, ain't it? And then a bloke arsks me if I'm the 'Olborn Stadium, 'cos 'e wants to see Bombardier Wells. An' I sez I'll do me (purple) best to supply an imitation if he'll kindly 'op round. Oh, 'e sez, yer go to (the crematorium), and rings off. But I'm worried like by that (gory) import ideer."

Free Trade Again

"OH, I shouldn't bother, Bill. Imports are restricted for your good."

"I knows wot's good for me, young feller. I'm for Giddins."

"Giddins?"

"Yus, the feller 'as spoke at the City o' London Corperration arter the usual blow-out o' turtle soup an' chips. 'E sez spectacles cost fifteen bob as useter corst three, 'e sez, an' profits on gas mantles 'as been multerplied by twelve, 'e sez. I sez no restrictions. Open the (pink) ports an' let 'em all come."

"I don't want to contradict you, Bill, for your reach is longer than mine, but might I point out that if you want goods to come in it's because you want to buy them? Yes? Then, to resume, you want to increase the debt of this country to America and Japan? You want to lower our exchange?"

"'Ter (Berlin) with the (fiery) exchange!"

"To Berlin if you like, but don't complain of the price of cotton goods. Every time the American exchange goes up a cent, the price of your shirt goes up threepence."

"Yer don't say so!" cried Bill, suddenly grave.

"I do. You're talking like Asquith. I believe you're a Liberal at heart."

After obeying the barman, who ordered him to pick up the pot he had thrown at my head, Bill said more gently: "Wot 'ave I done ter yer, Clarence, that yer should insult me? Wos we not lads together? Wos we . . ."

"Oh, don't be sentimental."

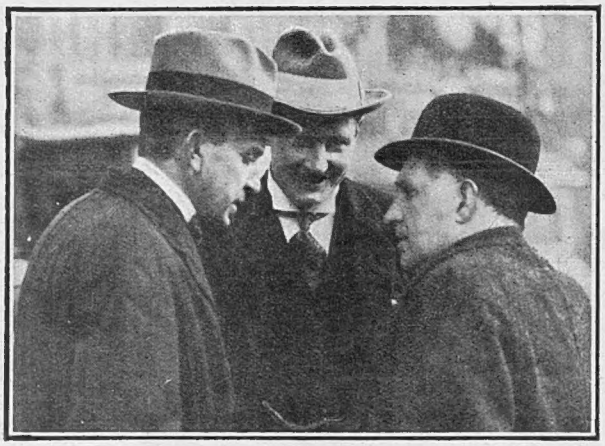
Bill Gawber sighed. "Clarence," he said, at length, "wot I said I sticks to, but if it's true that

THE VISITOR

THE P.M.: "Ah! Question time's over! I think I might venture in now!"

BY FRED PUCHANAN

A Great Joke—Apparently!



MR. PRINGLE (left) and COL. TWEED (centre)

SIR ERIC GEDDES (right) AND SIR ROBERT HORNE

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR (in tall hat)

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

Judging from the expressions of mirth visible upon the faces of members and other public men photographed around and about the House, it would seem that the immediate future of the country was all *couleur de rose*; that there is nothing really serious to worry about, and that little things like national bankruptcy, housing problems, Irish questions, labour troubles, profiteers' profits, and the taxation of war-time fortunes, are but as a delicate touch of bitters in our administrators' perfect cocktail of a life!

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

the Liberals thinks wot I think, I've (smoking) well got ter change me mind. Wot's the good of me bein' a Labour man if I'm goin' to agree with anybody?"

The Late Lord Astor

THE late Lord Astor was a curious mixture of kindliness and arrogance. The kindliness came from the man's heart; the arrogance was bred of the atmosphere which surrounded him from his boyhood—the atmosphere of adulation paid to great wealth. Although he cast the dust of America from his feet and his furniture and became a naturalised British subject, he never realised fully that the millionaire in England does not wield the same social power as the millionaire in America. He bought Cliveden from the late Duke of Westminster—*porte chiuse*, as the Italians have it—that is, as it stood with all the contents—and went to law because the Duke took away the visitors' book, a purely private belonging. This created considerable feeling against him. But I don't remember any sensation in the *monde* that equalled his attack on Sir Archibald Berkeley Milne, now Admiral.

A Lesson to a Millionaire

LORD ASTOR in those days owned the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Imagine, good my people, how we all gasped and gaped when we read in the Court news of that paper one afternoon that Sir Archibald Berkeley Milne had attended a party at Mr. Astor's house in Carlton House Terrace on the previous evening without an invitation! That was all—just the bare announcement *tout court*. I don't suppose such a notice had ever appeared before in an English newspaper. The inwardness of the matter was that Sir Archibald had been asked *viva voce* to the party by Lord Astor's daughter. Her father, not knowing this, and seeing what he believed to be an uninvited guest, launched forth the public disavowal in his newspaper. But the next day all the papers announced (and by official direction) that Sir Archibald Berkeley Milne had been in the

(Continued on page 328)

DR. ADDISON

MR. P. G. ILLINGWORTH

Simply Asking for It

ASQUITH: "My dear George, speaking electorally, you don't seem to get along *quite* as well as you did!—shrinking a bit, I fancy, what?"

LLOYD GEORGE: "'Shrinking,' indee-d!! My boy, I can't look at *you* for laugh-ing! (explodes) you haf no visible means of supp-ort!!" (retires chuckling)

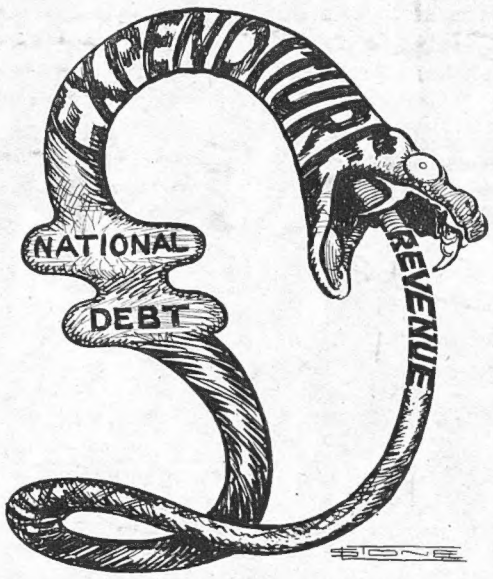
BY E. T. REED

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Prince of Wales's (King Edward) box at a play or the opera, I forget which. That was the late King's answer to Lord Astor's unjustifiable attack, and an intimation that there is a power in England which even money cannot touch.

Old Titles and New Husbands

I HEAR from Paris that Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, who recently sought relief from her marriage with General FitzGerald in the French Courts, is contemplating another flight in matrimony with a Frenchman who is very much *de par le monde*. The Duchess has sold her house at Roehampton, and now has no habitation in England. She has a charming flat in Paris—the last word in modern decoration—and a *chef* who used to cook for crowned heads before the recent *débâcle* reduced their numbers to nothing worth talking about. Everybody's private affairs are their own business, and far be it from your most devoted and humble servant to think a syllable, but this reflection does leap to the eye—If a woman marries a duke or an earl, and after his death marries other husbands of whom the law relieves her by reason of their unkindness and infidelity, why should she still cling to the title given her by her first marriage? A Mrs. Snooks or a Mrs. Pottifer doesn't carry that name through successive marriages. As a matter of fact, it is illegal for widows of peers to use their title after re marriage. They are given precedence at Court only by their birth, or by their husband's rank if he is not a commoner, and in legal documents they are described as "*alias* or commonly known as the Duchess or Countess of So and-So." There was a pretty rumpus some years ago at a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace when a Duchess who had married an Earl *en secondes noces* insisted on having the place of a Duchess. She didn't get it, and because she wouldn't be regarded as a mere Countess she departed in fury and dudgeon—and couldn't find her carriage! That put the lid on it.



"MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET!"
BY LAWRENCE STONE

Napoo! Very much Napoo!

THERE has been an amazing amount of rubbish in some of the papers about Austrian and German royalties and semi-royalties wanting to come to England and the King putting his foot down. The Austrian Ambassador before the War, Count Mensdorff, has been singled out as one of the most

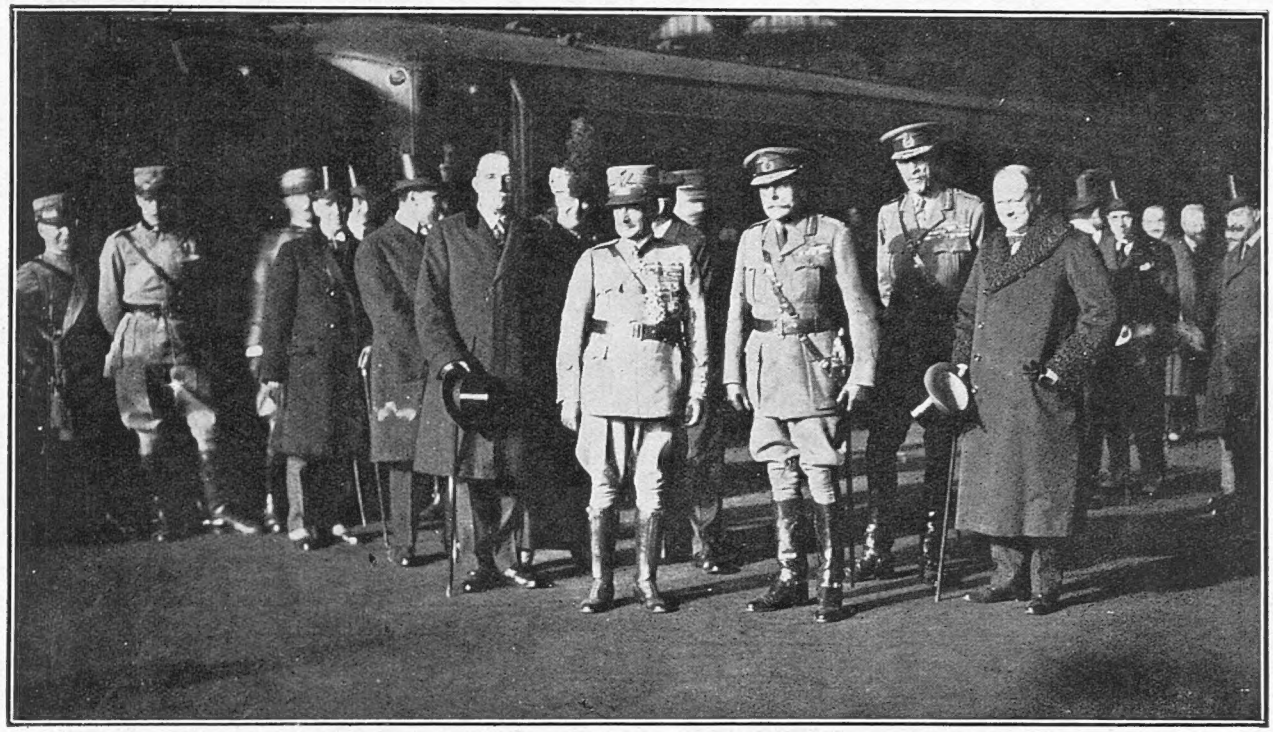
(*Continued on page 330*)

LAST WEEK'S WEDDING: LORD AND LADY AIREDALE'S DAUGHTER MARRIED

The Hon. Evelyn Kitson was married last Thursday to Lieut. H. O. Nevett, R.F.A. The ceremony took place at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, and the bride and bridegroom are here seen with the two bridesmaids

Distinguished Visitors

ARRIVE IN LONDON FROM SPAIN AND ITALY



EARL HAIG WELCOMES GENERAL DIAZ OF THE ITALIAN ARMY

Who arrived in London last week on a visit. Those seen in the picture are (from left to right): The Italian Ambassador, (H.E. the Marquis Imperiali), General Diaz, Earl Haig and Mr. Winston Churchill

"THE OLDEST MONARCH IN THE WORLD" AT VICTORIA STATION

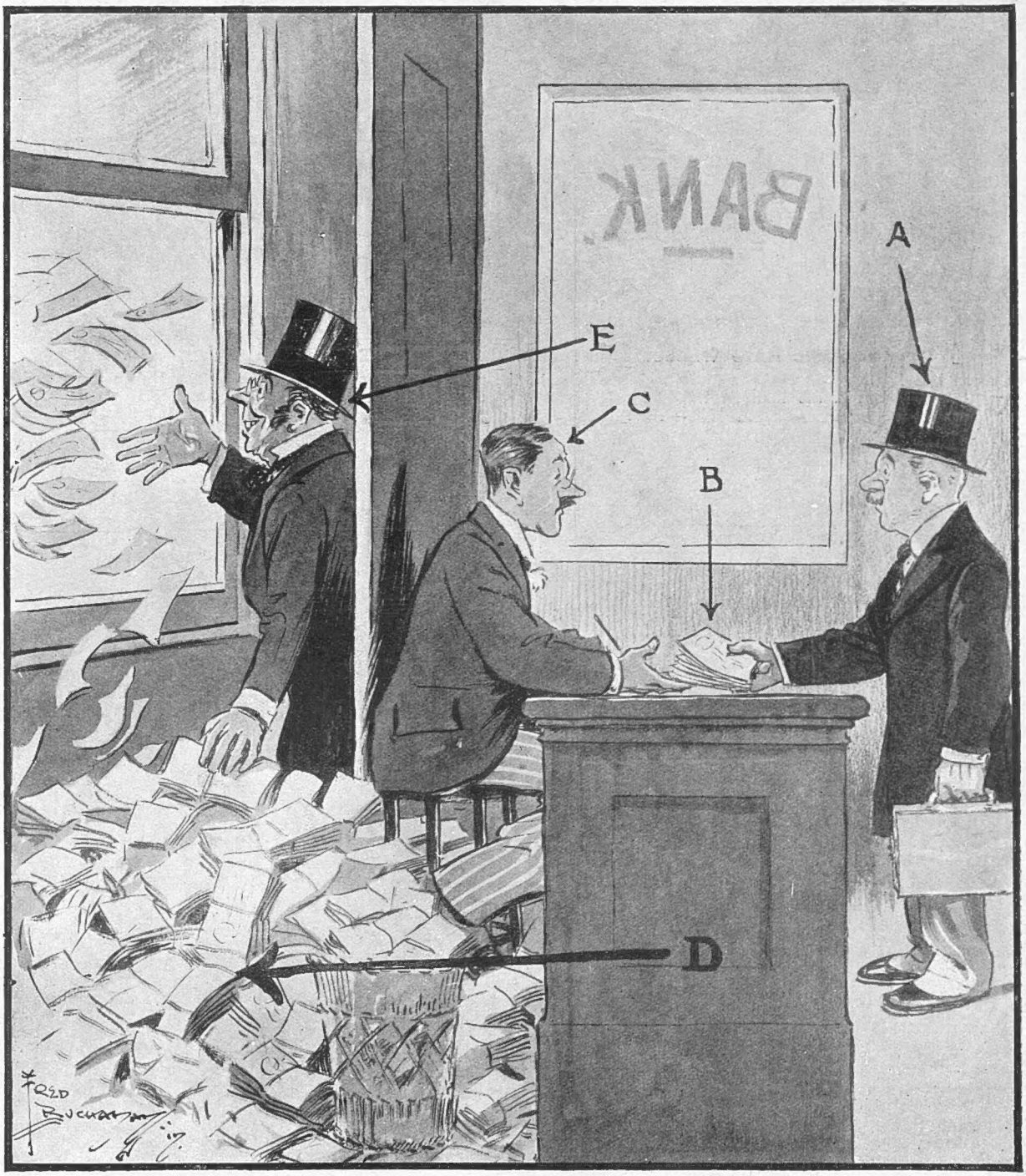
The King of Spain, who is seen above, enjoys this distinction, in that he has reigned since his birth, thirty-three years ago. He was met by Princess Beatrice, his mother-in-law, and by a number of distinguished Spanish people resident in this country

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

desirous to return. That is all stuff and nonsense. "Cousin Willy" Mensdorff is far too wise, too much a man of the world, not to realise that *les jolis jours d'autrefois* are gone. He has a distant cousinship with our Royal family, and for that very reason knows that the War has made an irrevocable end. There has always been a close intercourse between the Courts of Spain and Austria—The Queen-mother of Spain was an Austrian Archduchess—and consequently in Vienna they have known all along the feeling in England towards our enemies, relations or not; the neutrality of Spain removed all restrictions in correspondence, and that is how nasty facts from this country reached Austria.

The Royal Colonial Institute

HERE is a word of news that will interest all the Colonial readers of THE BYSTANDER—and are not these numbered in their umpteens and hundreds? The Royal Colonial Institute in Northumberland Avenue is to be enlarged, so that it may be a club and foregathering place for its overseas children when they come to add to the gaiety of London. Nobody except Colonials quite realises the value and help of the Institute.

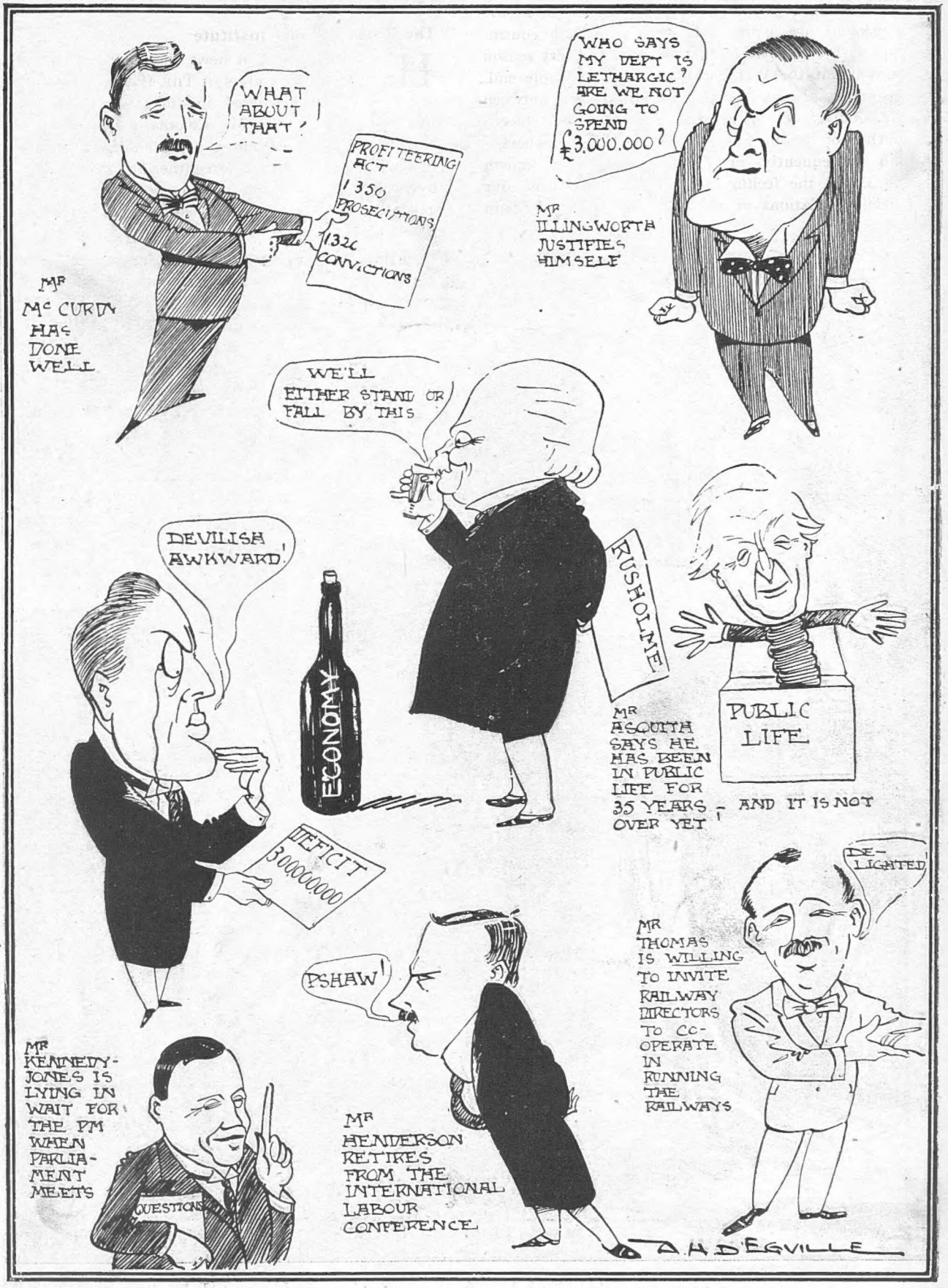


"PRACTISE ECONOMY": AN ILLUMINATING DIAGRAM

(A) Professional Man's Banking Savings (if any). (B) Savings. (C) Receiving Cashier of Savings Bank. (D) Accumulated Savings. (E) Official of Spending Department engaged in getting rid of (D)

By FRED BUCHANAN

Political Doings of the Week



BY OUR SPECIAL PARLIAMENTARY CARICATURIST

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

Don Pussyfoote, Erring Knight—

—Looks for Trouble Among the Wine-Skins

BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

NO. I. OF A NEW SERIES

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES...

BY

H. COLLINSON OWEN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HIGGINS

[*We are happy to be able to present below the first of a new series of brilliant sketches specially written for "The Bystander" by Mr. H. Collinson Owen, whose recently published novel, "The Adventures of Antoine," is enjoying so marked a success.*—Ed.]

I CAME across the Hon. Reginald sitting in the bow window of the club in St. James's to which I have the honour to belong. It is largely owing to Reggie that one feels it to be such an honour.

"Hello, you back again?" I exclaimed. "Why, it is years since——"

"Yes, yes, my dear old thing," interrupted Reggie, with that touch of fatigue in his voice which becomes him so well. "I know exactly what you are going to say. Quite a number of other original people have greeted me in precisely the same startling fashion to-day. . . . I will be brief. I am but very recently demobilised; my tailor has playfully charged me twenty guineas for the confection I am wearing; and I am back in the old haunts again, and sitting in the same old chair. I pray never to see a red tab again, unless it's Red Seal; life in London's so expensive that one really feels it must be worth while; and the world has been made thoroughly unsafe by democracy. That's all for the moment, I think. Now, if the rules and regulations of this country still allow it, please ring the bell, and we'll see if Old Tom's corkscrew has lost its cunning."

And the Hon. Reggie tilted his slender and elegant form yet further backwards in his chair, let his monocle fall to his waistcoat, closed his eyes wearily as if exhausted with his recent effort, and assumed a slightly vacuous expression.

Which is quite sufficient introduction to Reginald. He is quite capable of speaking for himself.

. . . . . .

"Really, you know, this little old world's full of extraordinary surprises," said Reggie a little later, having apparently recovered. "I swore that I'd never be surprised again when I found that the Brigadier of our lot was a chap who years ago had stolen one of the best cooks the family ever had, and married her. I remember the scandal it caused at the time. The Mater was furious. He kept a thriving *estaminet* down Hammersmith way. Perhaps, you'll recall that dear old Sir Douglas put him in his list of wonderful war successes—Powder Monkey to Admiral sort of thing, you know—just to tickle the proletariat and make old Ramsay Macdonald feel sore that he hadn't butted in after all and become a Field-Marshal. But talk about surprises! The horrors of war are nothing to the extraordinary shocks kept up her sleeve by dear old Peace. We landed at Folkestone, the last of the demobilised. There'd been questions asked in Parliament about our little lot, and we felt like President Wilson discovering Europe when we stepped down off the boat. We thought that the Old Country was going to extend the glad hand to its returned and belated warriors, and then some. We were peering round for brass bands and that sort of thing, and one of the fellows swore he saw Winston standing on the beach waiting to welcome us with a few stirring and well-placed words. However, it proved to be a mere honest citizen, wearing a Winston hat of quite terrific style. He probably belonged to the same party as Winston, whichever that is.

"The boisterous welcome, in short, fell flat, and it was announced to us with much earnestness that there was a strike on. Nobody wilted at the news. For months past we'd been having sweepstakes on who'd strike next, and one of our chaps picked up quite a tidy bit of money on this one. He was so bucked I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he joined the Labour Party. After all, life's so deuced expensive one can't blame him for going where the money is, he being only the seventh son of a younger son. In the old days, of course, he'd have buzzed off to Canada, and become a platelayer or something. But what's the good of wearing a red shirt at Moose Jaw or somewhere when you can do better by waving a red flag in the Albert Hall? He's been brought up on expensive tastes, and it's only natural he should want to keep them up.

"Well, as I was saying, dear old Folkestone received us with what ex-Little Willie might call the frozen mit uns. We didn't like it, after all the hopes that had been raised, but in due course they dug

out a train and pushed us off at a speed that fairly made the wheels go round. We landed at Victoria expecting to have to charge through massed maxims in order to reinforce the gallant garrison still holding out in Downing Street, or something of the kind. But all was calm, and the first thing that caught my eye was a middle-aged, serious looking party, with a large white apron, rolling a milk churn along the platform. What struck me about him was that he didn't appear to have learnt the trick properly, and didn't seem to know whether to give her her head, or throttle down. I always admired those milk churn artists on the railway stations.

"And then I saw that I knew his face. Now I hate passing a man I know. Besides, it's as well to be friends with everybody nowadays. You never know when you might feel glad to find that you were once pally with the President of the Mayfair Revolutionary Tribunal. So I clapped him on the shoulder, and said, 'I seem to know your face, my man. Weren't you my batman many years ago in France, or something?' And he dropped his churn, and said, 'Dammit, Reggie, you silly ass, the only time I ever brushed your clothes was when I bailed you out from Vine Street on Boat Race night!' And he was right, by Jove. It was Cousin Ned. You could have knocked me down with the proverbial hatchet. I hadn't seen him since the good old days when Mrs. Pankhurst and Norman Angell were the British Empire's two leading lines.

"Well, it didn't end there. Having done his twelve hours' shift at rolling milk churns, he started out to find me and asked what I was going to do for the Cause. I replied that I had already done no inconsiderable bit, and that our little party felt they had a grievance, anyway, because the man in the hat wasn't Winston after all, and that I didn't mind serving my country 'neath poplar, palm, and pine, but that I drew the line at milk churns unless they were the musical comedy kind, with a milk maid attached. However, he said that this was more serious than anything I had ever done against the Hun and his dependents, and got to work on me with all sorts of petticoat influence. I found my country was calling me again with no uncertain voice, and to a new tune. And between 'em in two days they had me clipping tickets on the Underground."

"Talk of being a matinée idol!"

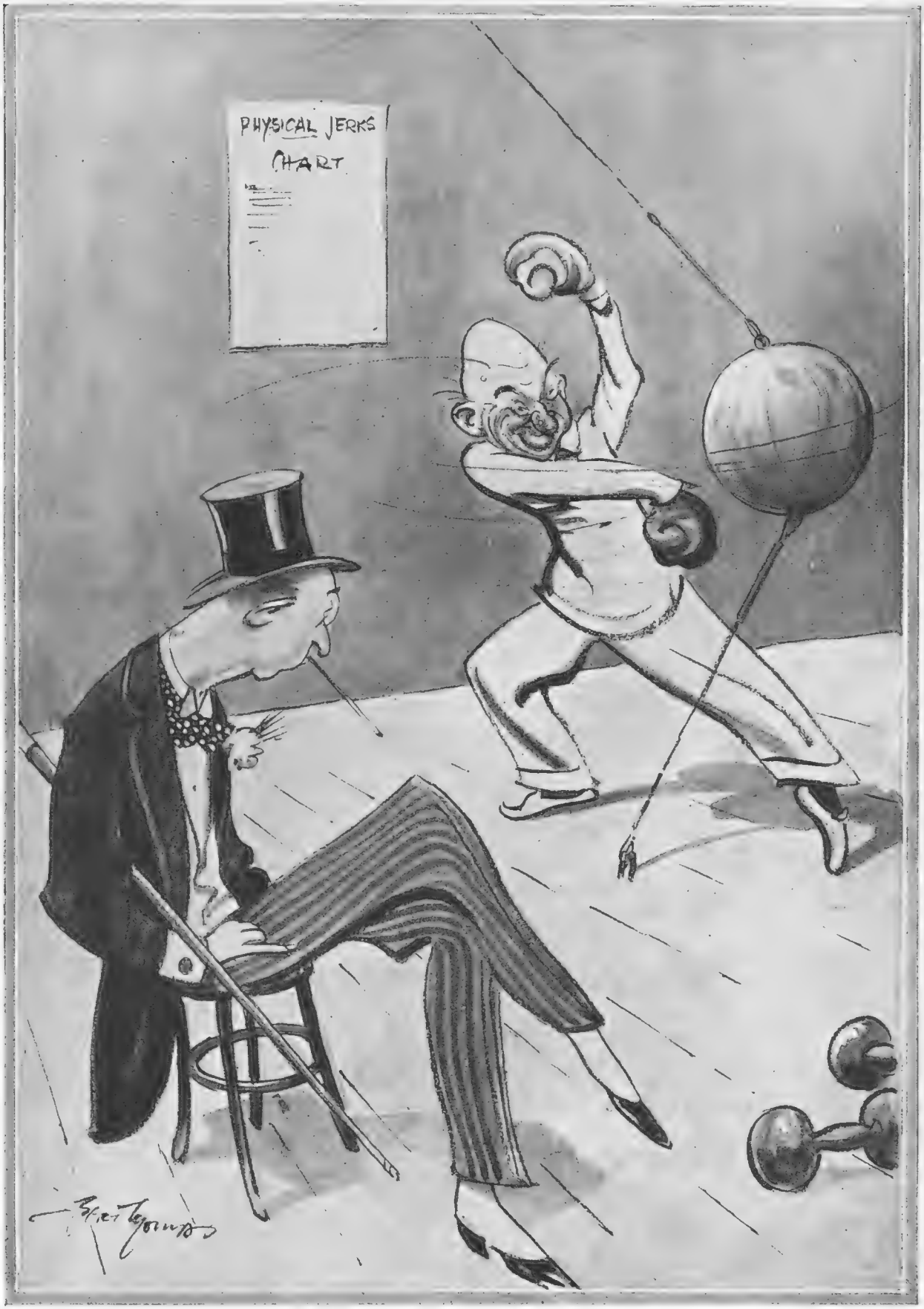
Reggie paused, and gazed vacantly at the full-length portrait of an Early Victorian statesman that hung on the smoking-room wall.

"Think of it, after five years of war! However, I was not long in getting influence at work. There's nothing like knowing people, after all. Next day I was appointed to the Staff. They made me a guard, and I must say I enjoyed it no end. They gave me a whistle, and before I'd got half through my first cigar I was a red-hot favourite with the horny-handed middle classes, whose frantic desire to get to work positively amazed me. 'Pon my soul, it was like a scene from Dante's Underground. It was then that I first understood the reason for the depth of feeling that had been aroused against our old friend and fellow-workman, the Right Hon. Thomas. These people were so anxious to escape daily from their suburban homes to their comfortable offices and things that nothing could stop them. These labour leaders simply didn't realise what they were up against. They've spent long years on expensive training in dodging work, and their point of view is all wrong. My enthusiastic suburbanites were simply panting for work, and they couldn't do enough to show their gratitude.

"I can imagine now what the Prince feels like when he's loyally mobbed in Saskatchewan and places like that. It's no joke being overwhelmingly popular. Talk of being a matinée idol! They poured affection and esteem over me. A worthy old gentleman, a stockbroker I should say, took his pipe out of his mouth and beamed up at me with affection in his honest old eyes. 'Young man,' he said, 'it is such people as you who are pulling the country through this grave crisis.' Some idiot said, 'Hear, hear,' and I wondered what I could do to get even with Cousin Ned. At the next station I helped a dear old lady aboard. It was a rash and thoughtless act. For a moment I thought there was going to be a dangerous rush. Every flapper seemed about to slip the leash and leap to embrace me. I tell you I only began to breathe

(*Continued on page 336*)

Unhappy Position of Impecunious Heir—



—To Wealthy Centenarian who Took the Monkey Gland Treatment!

BY BERT THOMAS

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES (continued)

again when I discharged the first load of honest toilers at the Mansion House. And then another prize idiot started a collection for me. Two pounds fourteen shillings and tenpence in silver and copper were pressed on to me, and I didn't dare say no to the affectionate crowd. It was either the money or osculation, and I don't like it *en masse*.

"And so it went on for five days. The fellows who were giving rides to flapperdom in Rolls-Royces were amateurs compared to me. Mine was wholesale. I tell you the strain grew pretty awful—keeping 'em off with both hands. There was no happier man in England when Lloyd George produced his compromise Welsh rabbit. I demobilised again, and handed in my whistle to the nearest distribution centre. . . . But I'm sorry. I interrupted you. What were you about to say?"

"Oh, nothing. You always did monocolise the conversation you know, Reggie."

"Not bad. Not at all bad, for you," said Reggie, graciously. And he rang the bell himself this time.

Photograph] [*Lalue Charles*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF LADY WARD

Wife of the Hon. Sir John Ward, who will be one of the Prince of Wales' hostesses during his visit to America. Lady Ward is a daughter of the late Hon. Whitelaw Reid, who was for long American Ambassador in London. Her husband is a brother of the Earl of Dudley

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *October* 27, 1919.

DEAR COUSIN—

CAN'T help hoping sometimes as, at all the places I go to, I look around and ponder, that somewhere or other there sits, observant and aloof, a future historian, making notes on the most amazing and really rather amusing times here in England now.

卐 卐

SUCH a situation there surely *never* was in all the history of all the worlds. Save, p'raps, in Nineveh? Or was it Sodom and Gomorrah? My Bible history being a bit weakish I can't be *quite* sure about it.

卐 卐

ON the one side—well, you know all about *that*. England *rushes* down the Road to Ruin. . . . War debt of eight thousand millions. . . . Outgoings two millions per day more than incomings. . . . Food, clothes, rates, labour, soaring to impossible heights. . . . Output of coal dwindling. . . . The Pressing Problem of National Solvency. . . . Our Desperate Position. . . .

卐 卐

BANKRUPTCY—can we avert it? . . . Financial earthquake. . . . Government prodigality. . . . Are we ruined? . . . . What Parliament must do—Retrench. . . . The situation is appalling. . . . And lots more, all like that—only more so!

How murderous the thoughts they awaken in the hearts of those less wily ones whom the War has not profited"

"While it spared them from the supreme sacrifice and toil of battle did not prevent them from accumulating huge fortunes . . . ."

AND on the other side—the actual facts of life, anyway on the surface, where it shows, here in London now. To be saved we must work *much* harder and spend lots less, say the finance experts. But never have I seen less work done, or more money spent here in London—and everywhere else in England!

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SUCH business, at such profits, the shop-people haven't done for *years*. Such returns, for *such* "tripe," the theatres can hardly rake in fast enough. And at the hotels and restaurants, here we see, fairly *sloshing* it around, those for whom the Immortal Gods must surely some day have a Nemesis—the War Profiteers.

卐 卐

WHAT a company! What a spectacle! How amazingly rich they are, and oh! *how* murderous the thoughts they awaken in the hearts of those less wily ones whom the War has not profited. . . .

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THINK of it! These are they who, out of the nation's direst need and bitter agony, amassed vast fortunes. These are they who, while the Best were torn from work and from life, stayed at home, safe and sound, and made more money at our unfortunate nation's expense than any profiteer, War *or* Peace, ought ever to be *allowed* to make in a civilised community!

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IT is, as someone's said, a scandal that millions of brave men should have risked and lost their lives whilst contractors at home amassed money. Especially as quite lots of them were young men "whose physical condition, or ingenuity in evasion, while it spared them from the supreme sacrifice and toil of battle, did *not* prevent them from accumulating the huge fortunes they are now engaged in flaunting over the face of the land."

IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

BUT lor! To such as these what *does* mere scandal matter — when you've got the money? Ten thousand a year will salve the uneasiest conscience. Money, and plenty of it, is the surest, quickest anodyne of all, and absolutely infallible. Anyway, it's a sight to see them here in London now, spending pounds on every meal, and hundreds every week on their frocks and cars and journeys and jewels.

卐 卐

FORGET how, so that these might eat, drink, and be merry every day and every night, and wear the wonderf'lest clothes and drive the super-cars, a million of our sons and brothers sleep the last sleep in foreign soil. And come with me, and see how fine it is to be a profiteer, to any of the big restaurants or other places where money *shows*.

卐 卐

THE Ritz, the Savoy, the Piccadilly, the Berkeley, the Carlton, Claridge's—it doesn't matter where, everywhere you find them positively *dripping* money. And also making more of it, for, as even the most unbusinesslike know, than money itself nothing begets money quicker, and while oil and gold-mines boom——*what* a life!

"Whose pearl ropes is the wonder how many women's tears?"

卐 卐

Shows most, of course, on the women, the price of whose pearl ropes is the wonder *how* many women's tears. Their great enveloping capes of sable and chinchilla and Kolinsky run into well over four figures every time. Their diaphanous, misty, exquisite frocks cost anything over forty guineas and live, at best, for a dozen nights. . . .

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WAS reminded, by the way, of the Navy's return to peace paths by a letter from H.M.S. *Dwarf*, asking "Have you forgotten us, Blanche, here in the wilds of the West Coast?" That comes from the ex-Hun Cameroons. "We are horribly far removed from the haunts of the white man, and sometimes envy our brothers in England now. Here there's nothing to do but look forward to your letters—which only arrive with the mail every six weeks! In your last, dated July 30, we observe that our Bold Brave Boys Battling Bolshies in the Breezy Briny Baltic complain of mosquitoes. There are still one or two in West Africa!"

The Ritz—swaying and dipping and hesitating and leaping is washed out . . ."

AND here's a sidelight on Peace Celebrations which rather intrigues me—I like the touch of far-flung Empire about it. "We wish, Blanche, you had been here for *our* Peace Celebrations. We had dancing (with tom-toms), processions, and all sorts of things. The cannibals and cannibalesses for miles around took part, and the dancing is all the same Jazz, but they do it much better than at home."

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BY the way, nearly deader than the dodo is the jazz of the Spring, and now at the Grafton Galleries and Ciro's and Prince's and the Ritz and the Savoy, and all the rest of the entirely proper places, all the swaying and dipping and hesitating and leaping is washed out, and in its place is the waltz and the tango, with body held perfectly still and erect, and not even a twinkle permitted.

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RATHER amusing, isn't it, that we should turn to these highly pure and restrained methods just now, just when from all the pulpits come thunderous charges against the nation's post-war levity? Can't even be called a Christian country poor old England can't now, you know, according to, at least, one of the Bishops at the week's Church Congress. For "it is not merely that in every class those who in any positive sense held the Christian faith are in the minority, but there is a wide-spread open revolt against the principles of Christian morality."

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NOT astonished, this optimist wouldn't be, "to witness a real reign of anti-Christ or many anti-Christs in our modern world." And almost equally depressed by our sins were nearly all the rest of 'em, while one in particular dilated upon the bitter disappointment felt by his lordship and *many* others to see so little of "that humbleness and love which we had hoped for as results of our stern five years of tribulation." As the charming Mr. Charles Hawtrey would say, Well, well, well, well. . . . Or as our latest gallant Allies over the water might put it—this gets me sunk, Ernest "Humbleness"! When (and at what unspeakable cost!) we've downed and outed the greatest Army the world has ever seen

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

"Makes You F(i)ume, Doesn't It?"

If only *our* National Poet would take Heligoland and refuse to leave it until it's ours!

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

EASTWARD-HO!

ALHAMBRA

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by HARRIS

THIS is a happy combination of pretty girls, lovely frocks, and Miss Violet Loraine. I trust that in saying so much I shall not be held to imply that the Versatile Violet is not a pretty girl, or that she does not wear lovely frocks. The evidence to the contrary is too conclusive to be debatable. But in addition to all the usual advantages of the favoured sex, Miss Loraine has a genial personality, which makes it unthinkable that this entertainment could exist without her. Indeed, there are moments at which she seems to be hinting to us that if it came to it she could run the old show all by herself, and I quite believe she could.

THE story opens at Cooks' Bureau, where everybody is booking tickets for Cairo and thereabouts. There is Mr. Ball, to whom, by way of socking a little humour into the play, the fanciful front name of Marmalade has been given. Marmalade Ball and his pretty cousin, Aurora Smart, have inherited a clue to a rich treasure hidden in a ruined temple in the desert of Sin. The desert is in Egypt somewhere, though there will be some that are ready to allege that it has at least a *pied-à-terre* in one or two other places. Then we have the Hon. John Merrily, who is Marmalade's secretary, and Busta Neath, who is companion to Aurora. And as Busta is Miss Loraine herself, it is evident that Aurora knows good company when she sees it. Aurora is dainty Miss Peggy Kurton, while Marmalade is represented by Mr. Ralph Lynn, and Mr. Andrew Higginson is the Hon. John. I think now we have got all the chief characters sorted out, though it would not matter much if we hadn't, because in a play like this they are necessarily more themselves than the characters they are supposed to be representing for the moment.

FOR instance, if it is a question of a duet, the programme drops the show names at once, and tells us that the thing will be sung by Violet Loraine and Ralph Lynn. That makes the thing more homely. After all, we are not concerned with the story of buried treasure overmuch, because most of us have read (or written!) stories of the kind often enough. We know that horrid people will intervene and try and get the treasure from its rightful owners, and that, though they may triumph for a while, Nemesis will get them by the neck in the concluding scenes of the play. The duet in question, however, is an instalment of the real part of the show. It is called "The Burning Question," and, as its name implies, it is topical up to

the moment of going to press, as it were. It ropes in the jazz and other vital statistics of the moment, and then, as it takes place in the cabin of a liner, it deals with the possibilities that may happen to the two indifferent sailors with the next roll of the ship.

PERHAPS a little too much is made of the *mal-de-mer* joke in this entertainment. As long as it is handled by Miss Loraine and Mr. Lynn it is funny on the usual lines, but when, as in one case, it becomes merely a clever pathological study, the good work seems to me to be overdone. One lady reclines in her deck-chair and goes through all the movements with which we are familiar. She wipes her face drearily with her handkerchief and then her lips, in the desperate effort to convince herself that it really is not so; then there comes to her the look of blank despair, and finally she makes the usual little totter across the deck into the arms of a welcome stewardess. I am not a very dashing sailor myself, and the representation brought to me many reminiscences that I am not sure I could not have done without.

THE first outbreak of loveliness in the mass occurs at the American Bar of an exclusive club. It has nothing to do with the story, and is not even supposed to be taking place on the ship, which is steadily going eastwards, and, therefore, it is wisely and frankly called an interlude. On a darkened stage—such as American Bars presumably occupy everywhere just now—Mr. Alfred Cunningham, in fine voice, sings of wines and cocktails and other phenomena of a bygone era. And then as he begins to shake up a little of the mixture as before, he calls out the names of drinks that have become famous, from the "Brain Duster" to the

"Manhattan Cocktail." And as he calls he is answered by the appearance of a dossy girl dressed more or less (mostly less) in the colours of the particular poison she represents. The gorgeous colours and the gloomy background and the moving limelight make a scene of rare distinction that does much credit to the author, Mr. Oscar Asche.

THE great scene takes place in a ruined Egyptian Phœnician Temple, where the treasure-seekers have located their quarry. Being tired, they all lie down on the steps of the Temple and sleep and—dream. They dream that the vanished glories of the place have come back, and for practical purposes their dream comes true. The ruins renew their youth and beauty, and we see the priests and priestesses with their vestals and all the usual accessories of Oriental splendour, chanting and dancing and creating generally a fascinating atmosphere of rainbow loveliness. The only drawback to the display is that we have to wait so long for it. It is preceded by a scene burlesquing army drill in the desert, which is a very dull affair, and which might with advantage be cut out and replaced by something more worth while. Most of the good things in the production have been kept to the end. There is a very sprightly dance by Decima and Eddie McLean that is almost the last item in the show, and comes just when you are reaching for your hat.

FOR the rest, Mr. Ralph Lynn works very hard to keep the fun going, though I think he would be more successful as a humorist if he let the audience have the first laugh at any joke that was handed out. Apart from her bustling humour and energetic conduct of the entertainment generally, Miss Loraine has a quaint little song about a youth and a dairy-maid, which is a charming piece of sentiment. One of the scenes shows a colourable imitation of the exterior of Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo, and here, in the midst of an animated scene of much realism, a native conjurer performs one or two little tricks peculiar to the Orient, which helps the local colour along very successfully, even though it suggests, perhaps, Calcutta rather than Cairo. The entertainment is excellent in many ways, but if some expert in these matters could take its backbone out and scrape it and put it back again, *Eastward Ho!* would, I think, increase its chances of longevity. JINGLE

A Public Idol Demobilised

AND NOW PLAYING IN TOLSTOYAN DRAMA AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

Photograph *Bertram Park*

MR. HENRY AINLEY AS "FEDYA"

In Tolstoy's play "Reparation," which is having a successful run at the St. James's Theatre

THE BARD MILITANT

By A. A. THOMSON

(To the Italian airman-poet on his latest achievement.)

All hail, my brave D'Annunzio !
Hot stuff, old bean ! Bra-jolly-vo !
(New term of approbation.)
For this your latest daring deed
Accept a humbler poet's meed
Of rhymed congratulation.

High out of range of Archie-guns,
You hurled your epics on the Huns.
Well—*they* deserved no pity.
And now that war has ceased to rage,
You've penned one more historic page
By capturing a city.

On glory's scroll your name shall live,
The peppiest pæons I could give
Would simply underrate you.
But, since the brave are always kind,
Please tell me, would you really mind
If I should imitate you ?

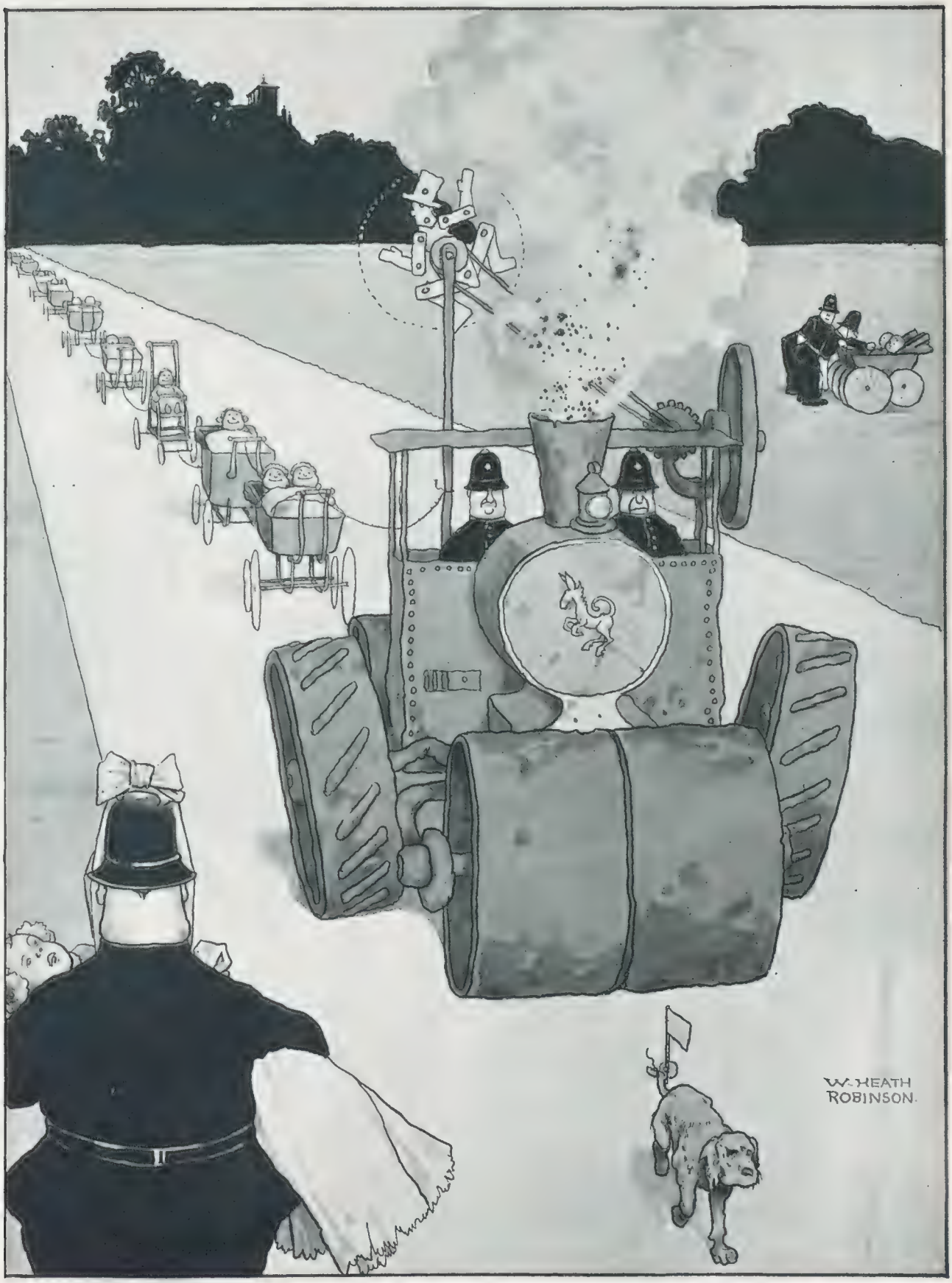
To emulate your dashing part
I feel my old pugnacious heart,
At this exciting time, stir.
For I have been a soldier too,
(Home Service, A.S.C.). Like you,
I claim to be a rhymester.

Yes. From my sporting Spad so fleet,
My rhymes shall rain on Tallis Street,
Like ardent meteors shooting ;
Then, plane-ing down to earth again,
I'll buckle on my fountain-pen
And make a dash on Tooting.

SKETCHED BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

PRE-CONCERTED

MEASURES AGAINST A THREATENED HOUSEMAID STRIKE!



SENSIBLE PROVISION BY THE GOVERNMENT

HEATH ROBINSON

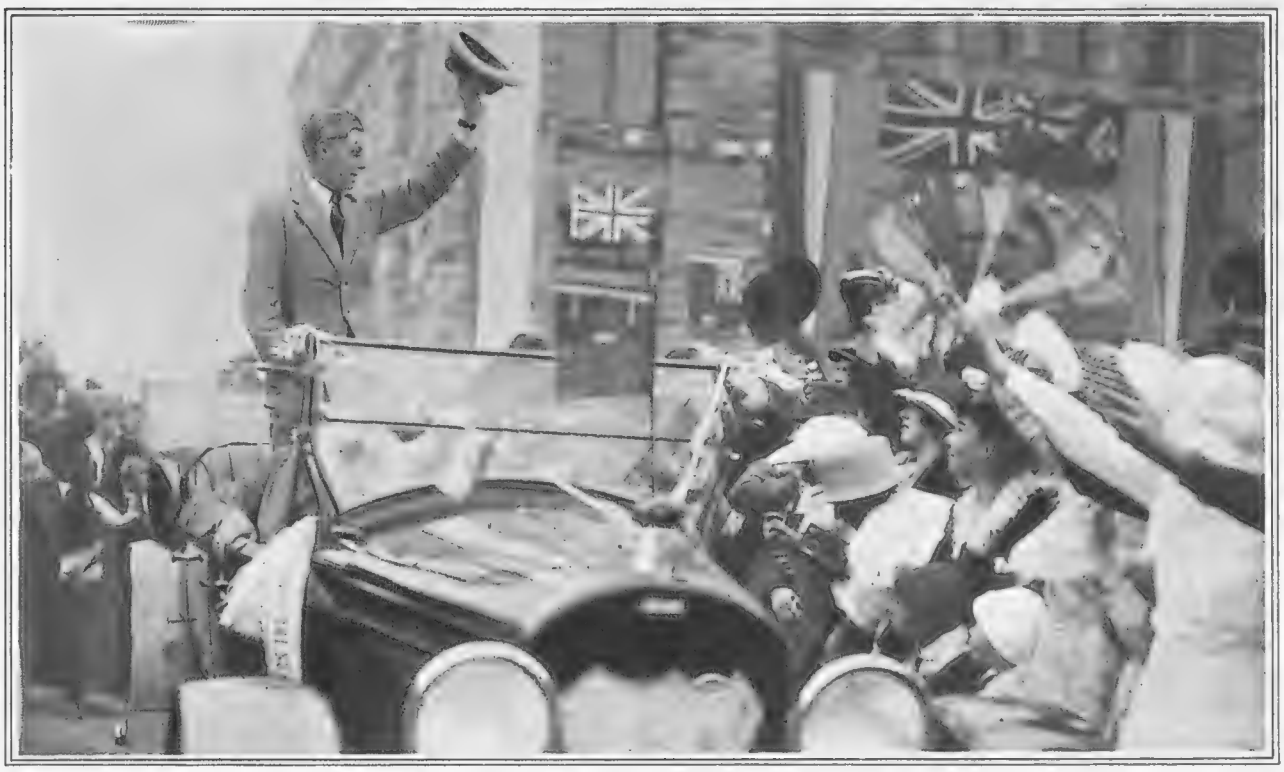
THE STO

OWAWAY

BY A. WILMOT LUNT

Our Right-Down Regular Royal Prince

MAKES FRIENDS (OF ALL RACES) IN BRITISH COLUMBIA



H.R.H. ACKNOWLEDGES THE CHEERS AT NANAIMO, B.C.—

—AND IS INTRODUCED TO INDIAN CHIEFS AT VANCOUVER

These chiefs included those of the tribes of the Saikums, Malahats, Nanimos, Paquichams, Zyouts, Cheaslips, and the Chemainus. On the right of the Prince are Colonel Burstall and Lieut.-Governor Barnard

The BYSTANDER OVERSEAS

IN PARIS: DOGS, DANCES AND DRESSES

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"In the costume of the period"

MES AMIS—

THERE begins again to be so much to do. Every day one is occupied, and it has been so strange after the long years when we have made our amusement by ourselves. One day it will be now an exhibition, like that of the American artists of the Quartier at the Luxembourg that one must attend, the next day it will be a lecture, to which everyone will go because it is the fashion to know about everything a little. Then there is the dog show in th Tuileries Gardens, the exhibition of aeroplanes, the opening of a new *cabaret* or a *salon de thé*, where one dances, the Pas de Loup concert or a new play, or the visits to the dressmaker.

OH! one is well occupied. It is that we have begun to make this autumn a little season of elegance, because in the summer-time it has been too soon. One has not been able to arrange, for example, our exhibition of dogs in the summer, and so we make it in the autumn, and everyone has sent a dog, so that they will receive a ticket of *entrée*. There have been dogs of every kind, and they have made so much noise and fighting. Everyone has thought how their dog has been the best, and Jacqueline and Marie have been so jealous because my beautiful *policier*, Haig, has won a prize and Toto and Phi-phi have had only a ribbon of honour, which everyone has won like the medal of the War, which all the Americans wear.

EVERY day it has the appearance that one gets more busy to amuse oneself and to make the life interesting. There was one day that Lucile has gone to four exhibitions of pictures, and my English friend, Marguerite, who has the passion to discover new teashops, has complained that one must go to two every day if one wishes to know them all, and the cakes are so expensive that one must arrange to have two gentlemen for each afternoon, because it is too much that one should pay two times.

"Jacqueline and Marie have been so jealous"

IT begins again, too, that one dances everywhere. Even at the Foliés Bergère they have made a *salle de danse*. But already there is of that a change. The jazz of the Americans is not any more so popular like it has been last winter. Perhaps it is that our musicians have been jealous that the terrible noises of the jazz should have so much success, and our professors of the Academy of the Dance have decided that it is not *convenable* that the fox-trot, the bunny-hug, and the shimmy-shake, and the other dances with so funny names should be danced in our *salons*. "They are the dances of the barbarians, the Apaches," they have decided, "like the can-can, and not of the French civilisation. It is the Bolshevism of dancing."

"One goes to be like the savages"

THERE was one day that we have gone to an exhibition of dancing of all times that has been arranged. The dancers have made their appearance in the costume of the period of their dances, and have shown us the minuet and the gavotte and the *pavane* like they have been danced at the court of Marie Antoinette, and then the maxina and the tango of Spain; and the waltz and the polka and the English country dances, and the Scottish reel, that has been the jolliest of all, the quadrille, and the lancers, and the dances of the Americans, the one-step and the two-step, and all the strange figures they make. Perhaps it is that we French people are not of such coldness as the Americans, because it has been decided of everyone that it was not very *convenable* that one should swing so much the figure and be so close together. It has been like the old Comtesse de Vaulx has said: "One risks to be burned for the pleasure of playing with the flame."

AND one does not think that the ladies and gentlemen whom Watteau painted and who danced the minuet have been better or worse because they have not been so *intime* in the ballroom to put their faces so close together and to hold so tight. Only it has been that they have had a more refinement in permitting to rouse the emotions.

THERE has been one dance at the exhibition that the *professeurs* have said will be the fashionable dance of the season. It is not of too severe a correctness, this *Valse Caprice*, but it has a little the dignity of motion that we French people like. One can be friendly and have much fun without to be familiar and to forget all with the noise and the excitement, like one does when one dances the jazz. But if one wishes to amuse oneself without to have what you call the manners of the drawing-room, do not be afraid, my friends. There will be of that plenty of occasion in Paris when one can dance just how one wishes. It is only that our society and the professors wish again to return in the *salon* to the good manners of our old France.

AND there is of another thing that I have thought. If one wishes to wear a dress of the fashion it is well that one should dance with propriety. Because if one goes to make a romp it might so easily be a catastrophe. Lucile and I have gone everywhere to find how we shall have our dresses made for the great evenings, and it has been everywhere the same. One goes to be like the savages and to wear a little handkerchief and some beads.

OF the skirt there will be a beautiful fulness because, though there are some who wish still to continue to have the form straight, nearly everyone will wear the little panniers and flounces at the side. And it is allowed that we shall have a little more longness. But the corsage! It is not only that there will not be any covering of the back—there will not be of anything at all except the little handkerchief.

"Will not permit that our jeunes filles will be too close *serrées* in the arms of their partners"

AND so it is my idea that perhaps our professors and those who arrange the great dances are wise that they will not permit that our *jeunes filles* will be too close *serrées* in the arms of their partners. Everything by stages—it is our French fashion.

Your friend, AGNÈS

The Grouching Ungratitude of England

BY THE CONTINENTAL BYSTANDER (IN LONDON)

ENGLAND is the spoiled child of Europe; the most grouching, grumbling, and ungrateful, because the happiest, free-est, cheapest, prettiest, liveliest. "That is a lie," says the grouchful, grumbleful Briton. "It's the truth," says the returned Continental Bystander, after five years' absence, spent in broiling in hell-fire New York, starving in muggy Russia, freezing in coalless Sweden, vomiting in unwashed Denmark, wolfing cellulose pancakes in bread-less Finland, and shelling out a hundred crowns for fake whiskey in dis-spirited Norway. Yes; grumbleful England is far too well

(Continued on page 352)

A Corner in "Household Necessities"!

"PROFITEERING!" BY GEORGE BATES

off. Compared—and comparison is the only standard—with hungry, freezing Europe, and even with prosperous America. England is cheap, well-fed, well-clothed, handsome, gay, and — spoiled. And every Briton who denies it is a dull ignoramus or a churl.

When the Continental Bystander first descended at King's Cross, all his re-met acquaintances grumbled and growled. "You can't even afford to travel, old boy! The railway fares . . . the cabs!" Yet when the Continental Bystander jumped into his first modest taxicab at modest Piccadilly Circus, he discovered that his driver would charge him *only* sixpence above the pre-war fare. And in Cambridge last Sunday, he paid a mere 25 per cent. above pre-war fares. Spoiled England! In New York, cabs are just twice English prices; in Sweden it costs you the equivalent of two greasy Bradburys to cart your portmanteau to a five mile distant suburb, and railway fares were put up exactly three-fold before the Armistice, and this summer they were put up again.

"THE BYSTANDER" AT REVAL

Officers of the British Military Mission to the Baltic enjoying our issue of August 20th. They are (standing) Lieut. Batch (Russian Interpreter), (sitting) Lt.-Col. Hewett, R. A.F., Colonel Herapath and Major Bavin

And food? Life's fairest necessary? In grumbleful London, the returned Continental Bystander soon discovered you can dine well for five bob. In long-past days, the C.B. used to feed at a Strand restaurant, where a good English joint and vegetables cost you 2*s.* 6*d.* When he entered this restaurant in September, 1919, he expected to pay 10*s.* He paid 3*s.* 3*d.* In Christiania hotels, a sticky *table d'hôte* dinner rose during the War from 4*s.* to 21*s.*, and the cost of a three-course *à la carte* dinner, without wines, averaged 25*s.* Mere *hors d'œuvres* cost 6*s.* In Finland, in 1918, the C.B. paid £4 10*s.* for a middling lunch; and in Copenhagen to-day, if you're Hunnish enough to thirst for Rhine wines, you pay the equivalent of 30*s.* for the worst bottle and the equivalent of 105*s.* for the best. These wines used to cost from 2*s.* to 7*s.* before the War. And clothes. In 1918, a ready-made slop suit—all you could get—at Rogers Peet in Fifth Avenue cost $75, which at the present exchange is about £18.

No; the Briton should not grouch. But if he feels that way let him look at the girls! The critical C.B. saw more pretty girls in one day in the Strand, in Regent Street, in the City, than he saw in five years in two non-British hemispheres. Of course, they are draggled and multi-coloured; and they're, perhaps, a shade to othin for the gross C.B. But their faces! Little Rosettiesque angelkins! If they'd only dress—and paint—like New Yorkers they'd lick creation. And what manners! Especially in good-class shops. When the blushful C.B. tottered tremblingly into a place called Marshall and Snelgrove's to buy an overcoat for his angry Kutzo-Wallachian wife, he was handled by a duchess-like saleswoman and a marquise-like red-haired, black-eyed *mannequin*, whose distinction of manner made him feel like a boor. When he contrasted the pert nasalities of Manhattan and the sloppy shop-maids of Copenhagen, he simply retired flabbergasted; pondering a design to rob the Bank of England so that he might forswear the Press, retire to a Jermyn Street flat, and spend the rest of his days pottering around West End shops, and interviewing the duchesses and marquises who sell and try-on overcoats for visitors' Kutzo-Wallachian wives.

Everyone in England's polite. Not with the wooden ceremoniousness of the Continental; but with cheery, effervescent, overbubbling congenital politeness. Even the Bystander Editor invites you to lunch. And everyone (having vented a preliminary grouch) is so gay, so indulgent; tells such kindly complimentary lies about your tiresome articles; and has such charitable words for bad L.-G., for Unsmiling Mr. Smillie, even for Wilhelm the Wicked. And those pretty girls again! But why—in a land where clothes are half the world-price, where hair-brushes may be had for 3*s.*—do Brighton's mermaids wear such dishevelled khaki mackintoshes, and such dishevelled khaki hair?

If the Englishman grouches and growls in the Paradise he dwells in, he doesn't know when he's well off. He should be made to know. The C.B. suggests an exchange of citizens, similar to the exchange of professors and students which are now the rage. Send a Yank, a Dane, and a Finn to live in magnificent England; send three Britons to live in Yankeeland, in Denmark, in Finland! Let both three make notes! But the experiment's impracticable — the Yank, the Dane, the Finn would never return to their accursed climes; and the Britons, faced with demands from a pudding-faced Continental shop-hand for the equivalent of £20 for a slop suit and the equivalent of £5 for a slop dinner, would incontinently dash for the first steamer back to spoiled, grouchful, ungrateful, don't-know-when-you're - damned-well-off England.

A Peace Aim—With a War Weapon!

THE BURGLAR: "Don't shoot, lady—I'll come down!"

BY ARTHUR FERRIER

"IT'S AN ILL WIND——"

HOSTESS: "Such a dreadful thing has happened. My maid's just given notice!"
GUEST: "How dreadful—perhaps I could speak to her?"
HOSTESS: "It's quite useless, dear!"
GUEST: "Well, I thought I might have her if she has nothing else fixed up!" BY GRAHAM SIMMONDS

The Potion

By VICTOR MacCLURE

IT seemed to his parents that Wee Wullie was very ill. He tossed about in his bed and whined fitfully, he refused even the most tempting forms of nourishment, and very apparently was in a state of fever.

Wullie was the only child of his parents, and it was natural that they should so magnify his danger as to send Big Jock, the grieve, galloping through the snow to fetch Doctor Torrens. Big Jock was easily impressed of the urgency of the case, and swore that nothing would delay him in his errand. In the thick head of Big Jock the dangerous symptoms magnified again until the grieve was of the opinion that Wee Wullie was "far through." On his "licht-leggit" horse, therefore, Big Jock pelted through slush and snow-drift, through spated burn and watery bog, as if the devil himself was after him.

The home of Doctor Torrens lay twenty miles or more away from the lonely farm where Big Jock was employed by Young Wullie Graham, the father of Wee Wullie. So with the pace and the heavy going Big Jock's horse was all but foundered when the grieve drew up outside the Doctor's house in the small town of Pitdrochart.

Big Jock threw himself from the saddle, and played a lively tattoo with the handle of his horse-switch on the Doctor's door. As good fortune would have it, Doctor Torrens was at home.

Out of the grieve's almost inarticulate mouthing the Doctor, by dint of shrewd and quick-fire questioning, dug a little sense. And it seemed from the symptoms the grieve described that Wee Wullie was indeed in some danger. For Torrens to ride twenty miles or more on an errand of mercy was no new thing. His visiting district had a circumference nearer two hundred than one hundred miles.

To throw some drugs and necessary equipment into a bag, then, and wrap himself up for the journey was the work of a mere minute or so. To pull out and saddle his own horse and place Big Jock's exhausted animal in its place in the stable was the task of but a few seconds more. No time had been wasted when Doctor Torrens went tearing "hell for leather" into the thickening dusk of the winter evening. But black night had smothered the surrounding hills when he pulled his horse back on its haunches outside the farm of Young Wullie Graham.

It was evident that he was depended upon, for gleaming lanterns immediately surrounded him and his steaming horse, and willing hands led the trembling animal into the warm stables to be rubbed down and "happit up" in comfort.

The Doctor stamped the stiffness

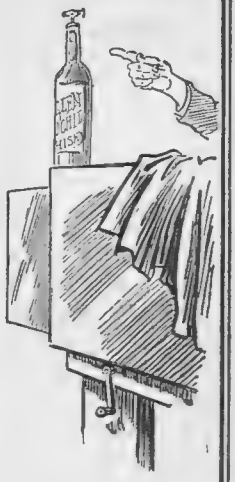
(*Continued on page 356*)

The Glad Look—And How to Get It

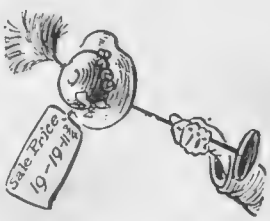
Baby.

The Newly-Weds.

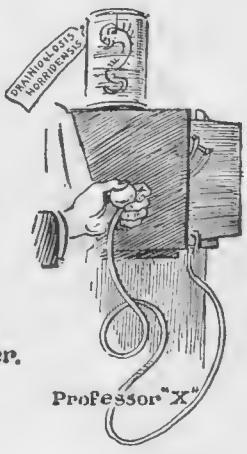
P. Hilbert Esq. F.R.S.
(Front Row of Stalls).



Mr Siphon Soda.



The Hon Mrs B. Argain Hunter.



Professor "X"

A FEW HINTS FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

"*THE POTION*" (*concluded*)

from his legs and followed the waiting farmer into the house. He glanced sideways at the young father and marked the white face and the close-shut lip. Mrs. Graham was frankly in tears, and wrung the Doctor's hand distractedly.

Torrens was solemnly led to the boy's bedroom upstairs, and the father and mother waited with bated breath for his verdict. In his capable fingers the Doctor took the small wrist, and he smoothed back the fair curls that hung damply over the hot little brow. His hands moved about busily for a while, pausing here and there. Then Torrens spoke.

"You'll have some eggs about the house?" he asked.

"Oh, plenty—plenty, Doctor," said the mother, eagerly.

"I only need two. Separate the yokes from the white in different dishes. Beat the yokes till they froth and the whites till they stiffen. Then bring them to me with a tumbler—a big tumbler."

Mrs. Graham sped out.

"Now, you, Graham," the Doctor went on; "have you any spirits in the house—brandy, say, or whiskey?"

"I've some whiskey, Doctor."

"Bring the bottle and a clean small pan, will you?"

The farmer lumbered hastily from the room, and was back before his wife. Under the Doctor's directions he put a stiff dose of whiskey into the pan and placed the pan on the glowing coals of the bedroom fire.

Presently Mrs. Graham returned with two basins and a large toddy-glass.

The anxious parents watched Torrens as he very gravely poured first the yokes and then the lumpy white of egg into the glass. They saw him produce two lumps of sugar—he carried them for his horse—and place them with the eggs. Next he snatched the steaming pan from the fire, and poured the whiskey on top of the eggs and sugar. While the parents gazed on this mystery of medicine the Doctor, with set face, beat the mixture until the sugar melted.

Then the Doctor slowly lifted the creamy mixture to his own lips, and never stopped drinking until the glass was upside down upon his nose.

"The boy," he said, "is just getting over a colic produced by over-eating—*he's in absolutely no danger that castor oil can't avert!*"

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MISS IDA ADAMS

Who takes a leading part in Mr. C. B. Cochran's new musical play, "Maggie," which was produced at the Oxford Theatre on Wednesday last

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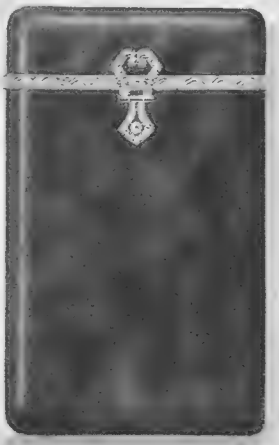

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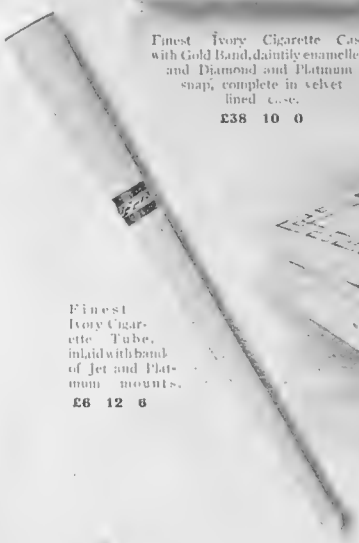

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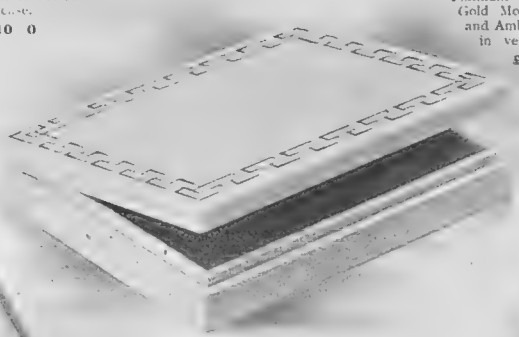

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"Wives on the Rhine"

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

NOT long ago an apologetic reference was made to the tolerant spirit in which we had come to regard the Rhinelander. Some wise person, however, decided that it was not good for man—at any rate, the married man—to be alone with Rhine maidens, and our German Eden has been blessed with Woman from home.

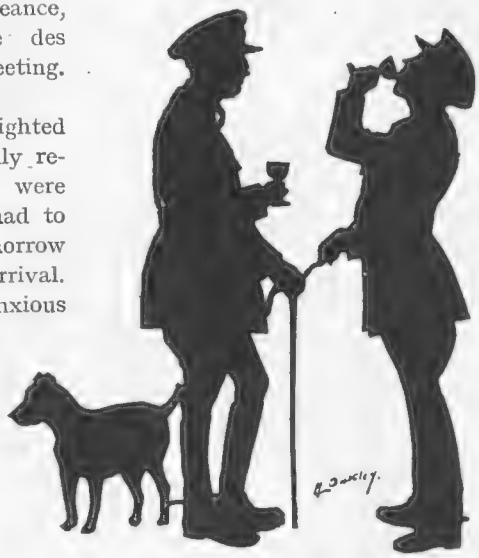
SINCE the date of her arrival our waning hate has received a fresh lease of life, and the presence of our female cohorts is likely soon to bring home to the Rhinelander the truth that, despite any opinions of us which he may have formed in France and Flanders, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male"—at any rate, in times of peace.

FOR, where we had imagined that Rhineland had resigned itself to being occupied for fifteen years or the duration of the peace, it is now revealed that horrible plots are afoot. Germans are—or may be—one never knows—penetrating our clubs, there to spy out the secrets of English cooking (little dreaming that we have foiled them by requisitioning German cooks). The road-sweepers, keepers at the Zoo, and other uniformed officials are not saluting our officers with the necessary enthusiasm, and are thus obviously involved in some diabolical scheme to undermine our discipline. Every apparently respectable father of a family is secretly devising insults to our race. Even the unmarried British officer, it appears, is a potential "fraterniser" (poor, overworked word), and it is whispered that a devoted band of females has sworn to see that the frivolous fratter's life in Rhineland is a short, if a gay one. In fact, we are living in an atmosphere of dark suspicion and thirst for vengeance, beside which a "Chasse des Espions" is a Brotherhood meeting.

AMONGST the crowd of delighted grass-widowers suddenly restored to marital felicity were certainly one or two who had to take some thought for the morrow of their better halves' arrival. One methodical person, anxious that no spectres of a possibly indiscreet past should arise and confront him, is said to have purchased a large-scale map of this gay city, and set out to mark in red pencil the places of entertainment to which he could safely take his spouse. At the end of a week's hard thinking, he had exactly two red marks on his map—the one indicated the Officers' Club, the other the Dom!

THE Englishwoman is easily distinguishable from her French, Belgian, or German sisters, even without the 'andsome brassard proffered to her by authority. The latter has its uses at times, but many decline to inflict the somewhat startling design in blue and white on a really *chic* creation. Those who do wear it find consolations, however. After all, it *is* distinguished, and *so* like "Staff"—or Signals!

THE arrival of the wives has meant many casualties in messes already weakened by the continued ravages of Demobilitis. There is even talk of closing the Officers' Club at the "Earwig Lamp" owing to lack of support. However, the outcast bachelor still wends his way there for a morning appetiser, wishing (perchance) that a tender marital prohibition might lead his feet to tread the path that Pussyfeet have trod.



"A morning appetiser"

DESPITE his pitiable plight, however, he has not really been lining up in a marriage queue of twenty per hour at the Dom. No. England's Fair may breathe again; certain *Verlobung's* announcements—and that demobilised soldier—notwithstanding, we know officially that no British soldier has yet married a Rhine maiden. Despite all the penalties of his lamentable state, the bachelor on the Rhine is gallantly holding aloft the flag of (his) freedom.

"The female of the species is more deadly than the male"

"Dial"-ect Among the New Gentry

"This looks a bit too old for me—I want something wot'll look a bit more clarsy. You get me one wot chimes!"

BY ALBERT BAILEY

The Death Trap

By G. W. NELSON

I BOUGHT a geyser. Tell it in Gath, publish it in the streets of Ascalon, shout it from every roof between John o' Groats and Patagonia, that my friend Gallipot made me do it. Gallipot led me erring geyserwards, and henceforth may Gallipot be ostracised and eternally cut off from all decent society.

Gallipot came to see my new flat-ette, and that is how it started.

"My dear chap," he said, after having made deprecatory remarks on my *lares et penates* and on my flat-ette in particular, "it's all very nice, but what you want is a jolly old geyser."

"I have one," I replied, "in the shape of a gin-drinking charlady."

"I said geyser, not geezer. You have a bath, but what is the good of a bath without hot water?"

"What, indeed," I said.

"A geyser is the very thing. Hot water any time of the day or night. Quick, clean, convenient, and compact," he went on enthusiastically. "The Little Marvel Stromboli Geyser is what you want. Asbestos lined, double copper-bottomed, four speeds, and double reciprocating action with ball-bearings on the camshaft from the eccentric in the differential. Drawn copper water tubes giving super-heated water in five seconds. When not in use it can easily be converted into a Ford car, a gramophone or a refrigerator.

These are not his exact words, but that is how it sounded. For two hours he held forth and left me reeling under the cannonade of verbose argument. He convinced me that the Stromboli Geyser was a vitally necessary adjunct to my flat-ette, to my very existence and well-being. Life without the Stromboli would be dull and empty, even unclean, but with it, one glorious prospect of hot baths.

Before he left he told me to mention his name, just casually, and all the Little Marvel Stromboli Geyser Company would be mine to command.

So I went and ordered my Geyser, I mentioned Gallipot's name, and there after I shared my flat-ette with strange men. They cruelly scarified the chastely white enamelling of my bathroom walls, they choked the wash-basin with plaster, they burnt a hole in my bath-mat with a pestiferous blow-lamp, but at last the geyser was installed and I eyed it with pride.

That evening was the first of sorrow. I undressed, slipped into a bath-robe and hied me joyfully to the bathroom. I carefully read the instructions: "Light the Pilot jet." I did so. "Turn on the water." I did so. "Turn on the gas." I did so. "Push in the Pilot." I pushed. There was a stunning explosion, a rich sheet of flame wrapped me round, and I fetched up against the door in a tinkling shower of frosted glass. As I came round I heard myself murmur, "Stretcher-bearers forward." A strong smell of gas spurred me to activity. I leapt to my feet and cursed as I danced on powdered glass, but I managed to turn off the gas and water and stagger out of the bathroom.

The next morning, with undaunted spirit, I advanced once more to the attack. I was determined on that hot bath. I entered the bathroom cautiously, fully expecting the Stromboli either to erupt at sight or else leap at me and bite me. I turned on all the taps, took cover behind the wash-basin, and applied the match. *O, mirabile visu*, Stromboli lit up beautifully. The cheer I uttered was cut short by my stepping on the glass. The water poured into the bath, and I waited for it to get hot. I waited and went on waiting till the bath was half filled with tepid water, and the room reeked of gas. I had my bath, but my views on geysers were unprintable.

Then came the bill; insult was added to injury, and as I gazed at the amount my cup of sorrow was filled to the brim. Then came Uncle Dick.

Uncle Dick lives in the country. Uncle Dick is rich. Uncle Dick is a bachelor.

"Hello, hello," he shouted with bucolic heartiness, "how are you? Just come up to Town to see my tailor, curse him, and my wine merchant, confound him. Get dressed and we'll go out to dinner. Good gad, what d'ye live in a dog kennel for, eh?" He dashed through the flat-ette. "I see you've got a bathroom. Geyser, eh?" he roared. "I'll dress in here and have a bath."

"Stand back," I said, going into the bathroom. "It's dangerous."

"Dangerous? Who? How? What the devil? The geyser?"

"It has rabies," I replied. "It's not a geyser, it's a new stunt for the propagation of Bolshevist principles."

"Nonsense, my boy," he bellowed. "You don't understand it. Perfectly simple, perfectly safe." He struck a match and bent close to the geyser.

"Don't touch it," I warned.

"Pooh-pooh. No harm in a tin-pot geyser. Perfectly safe." He applied a match and said triumphantly, "There you are."

But there we weren't. I ducked in time as Uncle Dick, enveloped in flame, flew birdlike through the door. . . .

I called at the Nursing Home to-day, and was told that Uncle Dick might be able to go out in a bath-chair in two months time. They had managed to put back a portion of his scalp; his right eye might not be permanently injured, and his jaw was as well as could be expected. Uncle Dick refused to see me, but I received a letter scrawled in pencil. It was short and pungently pointed. He had made a new will, the contents of which would no longer interest me after my dastardly attempt to precipitate his demise.

I hear that Gallipot is in America now selling Geysers; it's the safest place for him at present. But if he's not lynched and returns safely to England I want a few words with him in a quiet spot. The subject of our conversation will be Geysers.

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LADIES' VICTORY FOURSOME AT RANELAGH

The Thirteenth green during the progress of the match in the first round, in which Miss Cecil Leitch and her sister, Mrs. Turnbull, were beaten by Mrs. Cross and Mrs. Thurgood, the ultimate winners. Mrs. Turnbull, who has just putted from the edge of the green, and Miss Leitch, are to the right of the hole, and their opponents to the left

Games and Pastimes

GOLF

PROBABLY, because the ladies' championship had to be cancelled owing to the railway strike, the ladies' "Victory" foursomes at Ranelagh enjoyed quite a boom—so much so that some people, including not a few expert writers on the game, seemed to forget that it was, after all, a handicap competition. However, "Defeat of Miss Cecil Leitch," "Surprises in Golf Tournament," etc., are good catchy headlines, and the defeat of a super-champion, even under handicap, can always be marvelled at and mourned. The Ranelagh course is not by any means a searching test of golf in the accepted sense of the term. It is true that, with its trees, pools and streamlets, it is tricky in places, and if your ball gets at all mixed up with the scenery you know it, but it is really an easy course and a short one, too, which all tends to reduce the gap between the good and the indifferent player, and probably helps to explain why the four pairs which survived to the semi-final were all in receipt of twenty-one strokes or more. The joint handicaps of the winners, Mrs. Cross and Mrs. Thurgood, reached the magnificent total of 25.

MRS. THURGOOD

MRS. CROSS

Winners of the "Victory" Foursomes, promoted by the "Ladies' Field," at Ranelagh last week. They are members of the Wanstead Park Golf Club, and their joint handicap allowance was 25

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Too Previous

We live just now somewhat restless lives. Everybody seems to be in a hurry, and some people are in too much of a hurry. The Rugby football season is only just beginning, and most of the teams are still in the process of settling down, yet one sees a great deal of trouble and energy expended in an endeavour to size them up once and for all on the strength of a single match. I could not help being amused a short while ago at a writer who, as soon as the Harlequins had played, and lost, their first match, rushed into print in one of the dailies with a long and lugubrious *post-mortem* on the departed glories of the "Quins." He was altogether too previous.

First Impressions of the 'Quins

One cannot, of course, expect the standard of play in any club to be as high, right from the very start, as it was in 1913, and anyone who talks of a club as though it were down and out just because it has lost a number of its distinguished players and has been beaten in its first match, is obviously in too much of a hurry. First impressions are, of course, useful, but they are not everything. My own impression was that the Harlequins played quite well, and might possibly develop into quite a strong side. Their

GAMES AND PASTIMES (concluded)

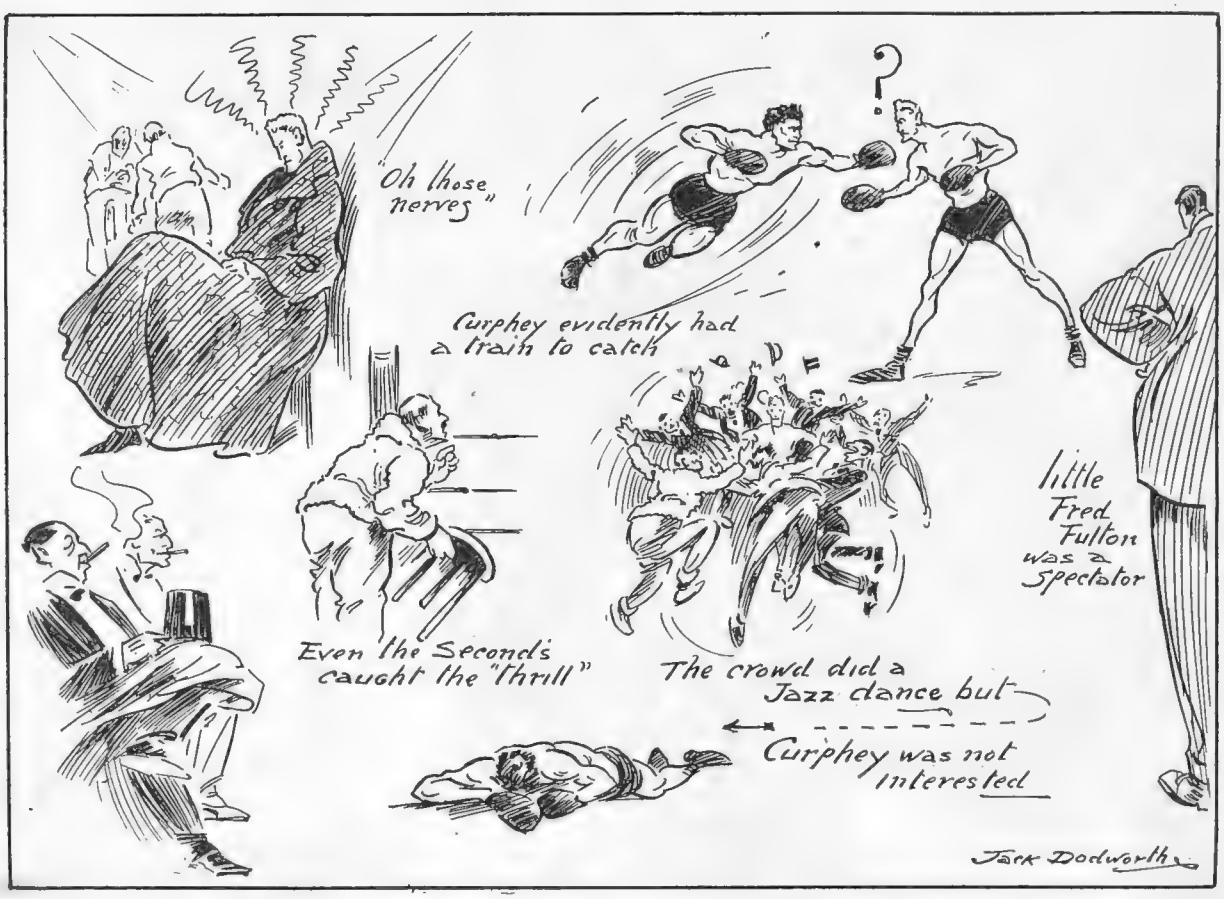
opponents, Richmond, were, perhaps, a bit better together, but both the tries they gained were rather of the lucky type, and on the general run of the play there was very little in it.

Blackheath's Weak Spot In the case of Blackheath the tendency at the start was rather to over-estimate their capabilities on the strength of the runaway victory which they gained over the Old Merchant Taylors, with the result that their defeat by Newport on the following Saturday was hailed almost as a fiasco, whereas, as a matter of fact, Newport, with six old internationals in the team, were already a very fine side, and the Blackheath people themselves knew well enough that they were up against a very tough proposition. Colonel Craven was not too happy about his forwards, and the game justified his misgivings, for it was mainly their comparative weakness forward which lost them the day. But this can be remedied, and, when it is, the "Club" should be able to hold its own with the best of them.

Guy's and the 'Varsities A London team which looks like having a fine record this season is Guy's Hospital, who have plenty of strength in the scrum and a great deal more behind it. Their backs are very fast, and work well together, giving and taking their passes at full tilt very cleverly. They beat Oxford very decisively in a fast game last Wednesday. Cambridge, on the other hand, overcame the Army on the same day, after a hard but somewhat featureless match. Both the 'Varsity teams are, of course, still in the experimental stage; Cambridge look to have greater solidity, and the alleged scoring power of the Oxford backs will not avail them much unless they can strengthen their defence.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

England v. Wales England's defeat by Wales in the "Victory" International at Cardiff, which we illustrated last week, was speedily avenged in the return match at Stoke a week later. Yet it was not altogether a case of out-and-out retaliation, because, although Wales relied on practically the same team for both matches, the English Selection Committee decided, as soon as the matches were arranged, to pick two entirely different teams for the two. So it really comes to this, that one team avenged the other. The usual trouble with International teams is lack of combination, because the players are drawn from so many different clubs, but the winning English team, by one of those miracles which sometimes happen, got together at once, and played as if they had been playing together all the season. They only won by 2 goals to 0, but they were "on top" all the time.



BILLY THE BOMBARDIER COMES BACK

Some impressions of the Wells *v.* Curphey fight at the Holborn Stadium

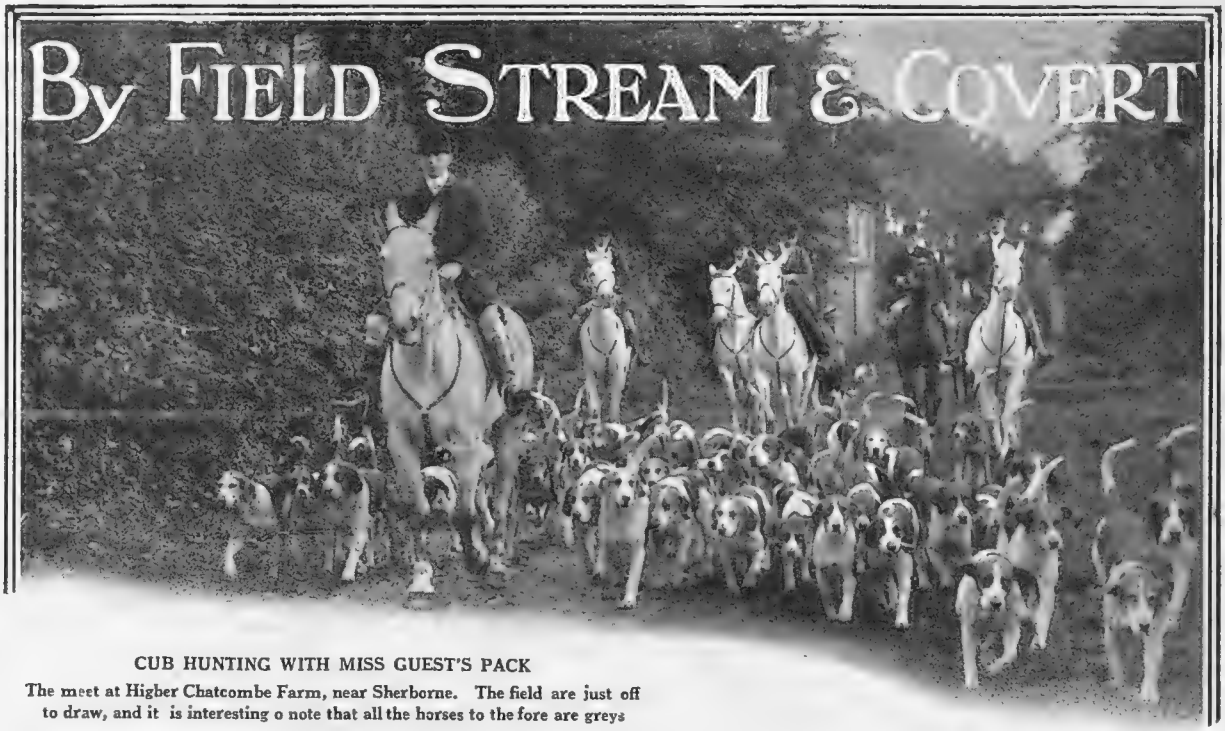
By Jack Dodworth

The Richmond Team at Home—

—Yet not quite as at home as they hoped to be—in their match on the Richmond Athletic Ground with the United Services, who beat them by 18 points to 6. They were handicapped by the loss of their full-back early in the game

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

By Field Stream & Covert



CUB HUNTING WITH MISS GUEST'S PACK

The meet at Higber Chatcombe Farm, near Sherborne. The field are just off to draw, and it is interesting o note that all the horses to the fore are greys

A Notable M.F.H.

I HAVE before me a letter written by the late Lord Portman on the eve of the cub-hunting season. It was dated from Kingussie, his Scottish property, at which he still enjoyed the autumnal shooting in spite of his great age. He went out with the guns as usual this year, and, in spite of the great scarcity of birds, he got five grouse to his own gun one morning — not bad for a nonogenarian! It was regarding the hunting outlook that Lord Portman sent me the note I have referred to. He was always courteous in replying to any enquiries regarding his hounds. No type-written communications for him, he personally attended to much of the hunt correspondence, even to writing out the weekly cards of fixtures. He wrote to me that, so far as hounds, horses, and men are concerned, he would begin the season with excellent prospects of success, and he was also well satisfied with the good reports of foxes he had received. He mentioned, however, that much land in the best part of his pleasant Dorsetshire country had been sold for the purpose of establishing small holdings for ex-soldiers and others. "Until I see," he remarked, "how this is likely to impede hunting I cannot venture to prophecy as to its continuance at least in that part of my country." He was keenly looking forward to the resumption of hunting, and had been warmly congratulated upon starting his sixty-second season in the Mastership of his smart pack.

Photo *Sport and General*

MR. AND MRS. HEATON

The Master of the Lunesdale and Oxenholm Stag Hounds, at Brigsteer with his wife

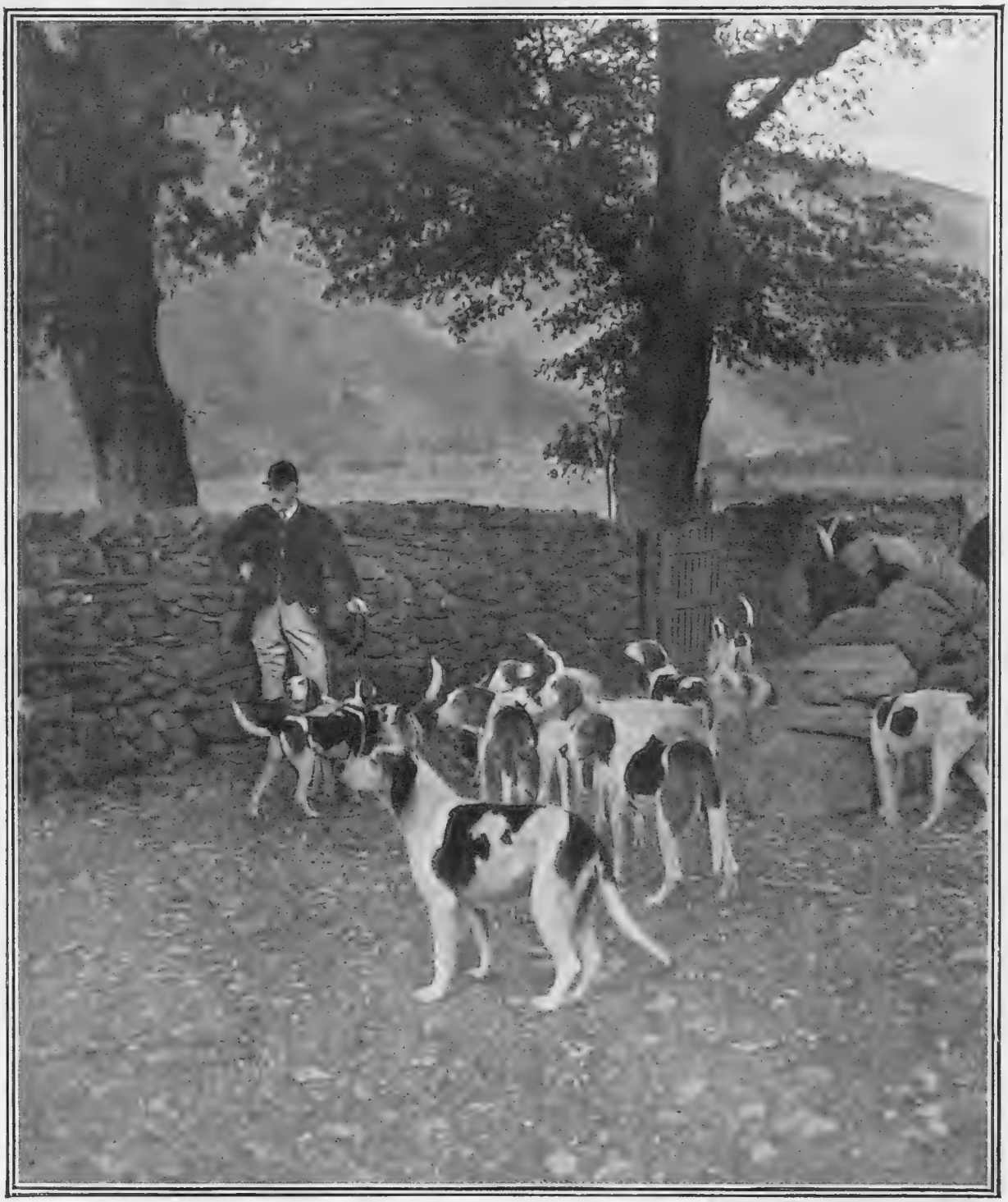
Veterans of the Chase

LORD PORTMAN was a striking example of that fine type of country gentlemen who regard foxhunting as the grandest of all field sports, and never spare themselves, even at an advanced age, in endeavouring to further its interests. "I can look back on a great deal of good sport and good fellowship with all classes," he remarked a few years ago, "and I am certain that of all English sports hunting is the most deserving of support." Now that this grand old fox-hunter is gone, the distinction of having been Master of Hounds for the longest period belongs to Mr. T. R. Bolitho, who for fifty-five seasons has hunted his private pack, the Western Hounds. Their district embraces the western part of Cornwall, extending practically from St. Ives to Land's End. Owing to restrictions caused by the outbreak of rabies these hounds did not hunt last season, but I hear there are plenty of foxes in the country, and some good sport is looked forward to. The Duke of Beaufort is another who can claim to have completed his jubilee as huntsman, for it was as far back as 1868 that he first took command of the Badminton Hounds in the field. The Duke is as keen as ever to maintain the reputation of his famous pack.

Rising Expenses

LIKE everything else, Hunt subscriptions have "gone up" appreciably. If, for instance, you propose hunting regularly with the Cottesmore, you will have to pay a minimum subscription of £100 for the season, and ladies are expected to subscribe the same sum as the men. This is more than three times the minimum subscription of pre-war days, and the actual visitor will have to fork out a "cap" of £3 instead of £2. This can be taken as a fair example of the general advance in subscriptions and capping rates. Of course, the M.F.H. is not the only man who feels the burden of rising expenditure. The average Hunt member likewise finds his expenses materially increased. The keep of horses is an exceedingly serious item nowadays, and practically everything else appertaining to hunting has gone up alarmingly. Not everybody who hunted before the War will be in a position to meet the greatly increased cost of the sport, and fields may therefore be smaller. Until the season has properly started, however, it is impossible to tell exactly how the financial position is going to affect the prosperity of hunting.

A. W. C.



Photograph *R. Clapham*

THE OPENING MEET OF THE ULLSWATER FOXHOUNDS AT BROTHERWATER

The pack is here seen with their huntsman, Joe Bowman. This is a mountain hunt, and hounds are necessarily followed on foot

RACING NOTIONS

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE. By "CARBINE"

This Week's Big Handicap

Our friends the bookies are naturally hopeful that they will escape this week such a hard knock as they received last year when Zinovia won the Cambridgeshire. The race looks open enough this time, but there are one or two horses whose success would not particularly satisfy the ring, Zinovia, for example. The filly is by no means badly handicapped, and nobody can be surprised if she runs prominently again, but at the time of writing it is doubtful whether she will be favourite at the last. This position looks like being accorded to Scatwell. Lord Glanely and his trainer are dangerous to oppose this season. Their stable is so well off for trial horses that no mistake as to the chances of their Cambridgeshire horse ought to be possible. They have a trustworthy line to the Duke of York Stakes form through Grand Fleet, and as Scatwell has apparently been tried to be a likely winner at the weights, one is reasonably inclined to slacken in enthusiasm for Sir Berkeley.

Fancied Horses

Last week I expressed a high opinion of Sir Berkeley's prospects after seeing him run so well at Kempton. I thought he was a bit unlucky in that race, and I still look to see him make a great show on Wednesday, providing the continued hard ground does not stump him up. But I must confess to entertaining a very wholesome respect for Scatwell in view of the fact that he carries Barling's confidence. I hear that My Dear was a trifle off colour at Kempton, though I must say I never saw her looking better. She is expected to improve on that form. Then there is Diadem, who is to be asked to cover a journey which is admittedly beyond her best distance. My selection is **Scatwell,** and I expect SIR BERKELEY to make his way again into the first three.

Other Attractions

This will be the last meeting of the season at headquarters, and the sport looks like coming up to the best Newmarket traditions. I hope we shall have another glimpse of Tetratema before the brilliant grey retires for the winter. He is engaged in a nursery on Wednesday as well as in the Dewhurst Plate on the following day, and he can win either race. I see that people are already backing him for next year's Derby. Providing he escapes the bad luck in training which befell his sire, he represents a good sporting chance. In the Moulton Stakes on Wednesday, Lady James Douglas's promising colt, **8th Division,** has such a good pull in the weights that he may beat the crack Lacrosse. I think it will take a pretty smart one to beat **Light Hearted** in the Richmond Nursery on Thursday. The Cambridgeshire running will give you a hint or two for the Durham Stakes, but at the moment **Flying Spear** would be my choice.

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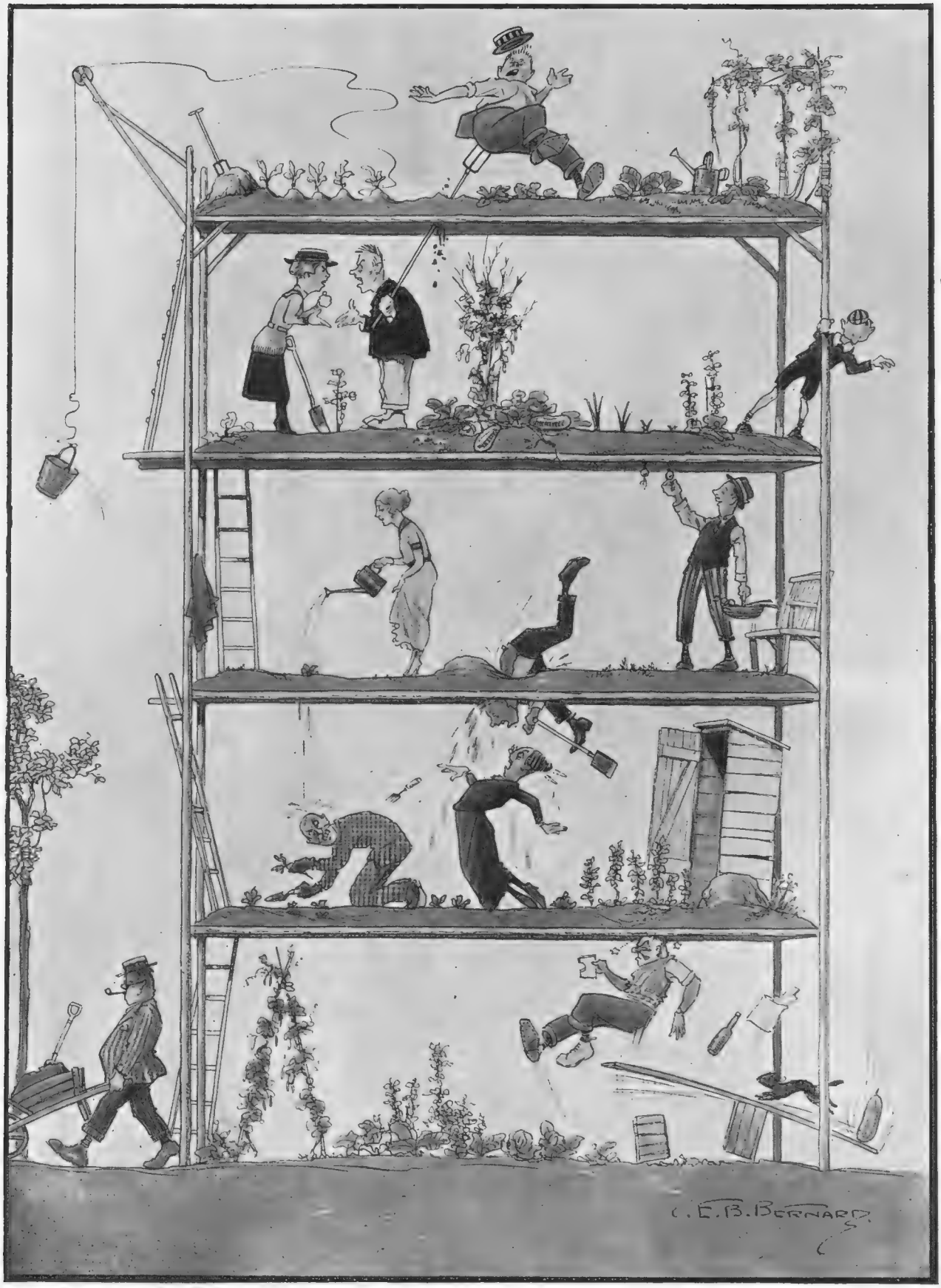
Allotment Flats



A SUGGESTION FOR NEXT SPRING

BY C. E. B. BERNARD

A New Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

It is a notorious fact that Paris is the city of impossible surprises. Almost anything can happen in Paris, but there are rules about the business. I dare say your average Parisian would like things to happen to him, but they don't, unless he has placated the gods. For these impossible surprises you must have some exceptional figure, some laughter-loving, nimble-minded son of Good Fortune before whom the gods bow down their heads as if to say, "Yes, that man will do: we gladly permit anything to happen to *him*." Such a divine favourite is one Antoine Poiret, who dances through the pages of Mr. H. Collinson Owen's frolicsome book, *The Adventures of Antoine* (Hodder & Stoughton: 6s. net). Antoine is superb. He is audacious and nimble and scatter-brained, and miraculously lucky. "When one is with you," a friend says to him, "extraordinary things happen apparently." They certainly do. They never stop happening. And the more astonishing they are, the better you like them—and Antoine.

Photograph *Claude Harris*

MR. H. COLLINSON OWEN

Author of the delightful "Adventures of Antoine," which is reviewed on this page. He has also just published a book which will appeal to all ex-members of the Salonica Force entitled, "Salonica and After." Both are published by Hodder and Stoughton

❀ ❀

And yet at the beginning of things, when Antoine is no more than cashier of the freshly started newspaper *La Lumière*, he comes nearly to grief. Antoine has invented one of those systems for Monte Carlo which cannot fail. He borrows his employer's money and after miraculously escaping arrest reaches the tables. The system fails. It fails so badly that with his last thousand francs Antoine plunges recklessly on no system at all, and, of course, breaks the bank. Such a man could not do otherwise. And so, when the proprietor of *La Lumière* turns out to be an embezzler himself in a very large way, Antoine, with his two faithful friends, Morissot, who writes a daily article of incredible ferocity against the Government, and Bourdot, who knows every Duchess in Paris, takes over the management of the paper.

❀ ❀

And then what "scoops" does *La Lumière* make! Unbelievable scoops. These *farceurs* announce the theft of Leonardo's famous picture—but, *bien entendu*, with the praiseworthy intention of drawing the public's attention to the general insecurity of the national treasures—and straightway that identical masterpiece is stolen! In common with others, they suffer at the hands of that "King of Paris," who turns out the lights at moments the most inconvenient, and fight him with weapons which only Antoine could successfully use. And when a rival newspaper proprietor starts a little polite blackmailing against Antoine—on the score of that unwise venture at the tables—what does our hero do but return the compliment in the neatest possible fashion. Moreover, if there is one thing which would be a sheer impossibility even in Paris, it would be to build a studio in the middle of a fashionable street and so stop all traffic. Antoine does more. He not only builds such a place, but he entertains a live king there to a very good supper, the while the wretched inhabitants are patiently waiting for the road to be mended!

❀ ❀

Again, when the War shows signs of its imminence be sure that Antoine is serving his country in the most curious manner. But when the War actually has come Antoine is no more the *farceur* and the successful maker of scoops. He is just a plain soldier in the ranks of the most famous French regiment that ever pranced gaily along the boulevards. Here you take leave of him, but, of course, Mr. Collinson Owen cannot be allowed to leave him just there. We must have more of Antoine, or if not of him of somebody equally splendid. I feel that it is here that Mr. Owen will make his particular success. Meanwhile, however, do not fail to make his first hero's acquaintance.

❀ ❀

Modern verse seems to be getting curiouser and curiouser. *The Monthly Chapbook* has a rival in *Coterie* (Hendersons: 2s. 6d. net), of which the second number is now published. I notice Richard Aldington's name amongst the contributing poets, and like the forthrightness of his attack on the occultists. Mr. W. Rothenstein has a couple of excellent heads, and there is a really remarkable impression by Gaudier-Brzeska. Mr. T. W. Earp's poem "Urbanity" is amusing, and scattered through the other contributions—one of them quite

(Continued on page 376)

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The Man Who Thought—

—Better Of It!

BY FOUGASSE

A NEW LITERARY LOG (*concluded*)

startlingly old-fashioned and gracious—are various unusual words whose meaning I shall doubtless find in the dictionary. *Coterie* is terrifically modern. I see no escape. If you want to be really up-to-date, you must buy it. The publishers certainly turn it out very well.

⁂ ⁂

THE heroine of Mrs. F. E. Penny's new novel, *Desire and Delight* (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* net), is a V.A.D. nurse in India, who after a mysteriously disappointing marriage is sent to look after a native officer recovering from wounds and allowed to recuperate in his own home. It is not a pleasant household. They have their own way of doing things in India, and a less commonsensical person than Rosemary Edenhope might easily have come to grief. Strange things happen in that luxurious place which Mrs. Penny describes in such detail, but Rosemary is more than a match for the lot of them. And when her husband, having recovered from his breakdown, is appointed Rosemary's own Commandant, you know what to expect. There is, by the way, a very jolly Dr. Dumbarton in the book, whose acquaintance is well worth the making. He keeps two banking accounts and makes bets with himself. Really he is worth imitating. It must be such a cheap (and successful) way of betting.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

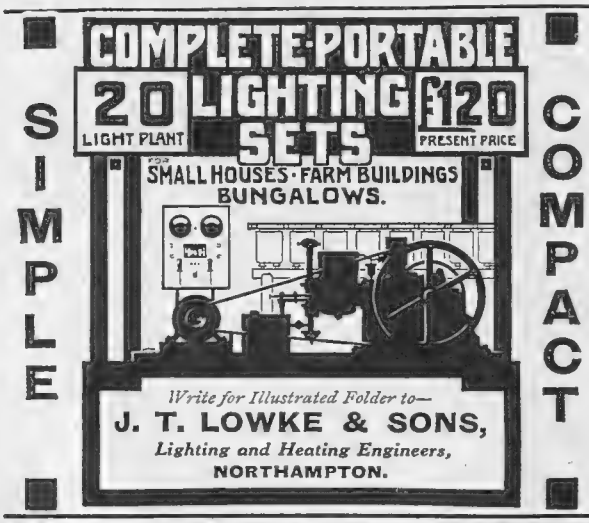
MR. MORLEY ROBERTS

The well-known novelist, whose new book, "Hearts of Women" (Eveleigh Nash), is meeting with such success.

ANOTHER volume in Messrs. A. and C. Black's admirable series, "Beautiful Europe," is just published. This is Mr. Joseph Morris's *The Lake of Geneva* (Black: 2*s.* 6*d.* net), a gentle, scholarly essay on that historical city where Calvin lies buried and George Eliot's short stay has been duly commemorated. Mr. Morris obviously has a subject after his own heart, and he is lucky in his artist. The dozen coloured drawings of Mr. Lewis are particularly good and well reproduced. It is easy to be too guide-booky (in the Baedekerian sense of the word), but the author avoids it.

⁂ ⁂

THERE is a little book just published which those who hid in cellars and other queer places during the raids will read with peculiar feelings. It is *Airship Attacks on England* (Selwyn: 1*s.* 3*d.* net), a translation of a lecture given by Kapitan-Leutnant von Buttlar before the Marine Institute of Berlin University early in 1918. Von Buttlar was in command of one of the superest of Zeppelins himself and bombed London more than once. You may think what you like of him and his Huns, but there will be a sort of eyrie fascination in reading of the raids from the point of view of the raider. Nothing startlingly new, perhaps, but queer to see it all set down in English.



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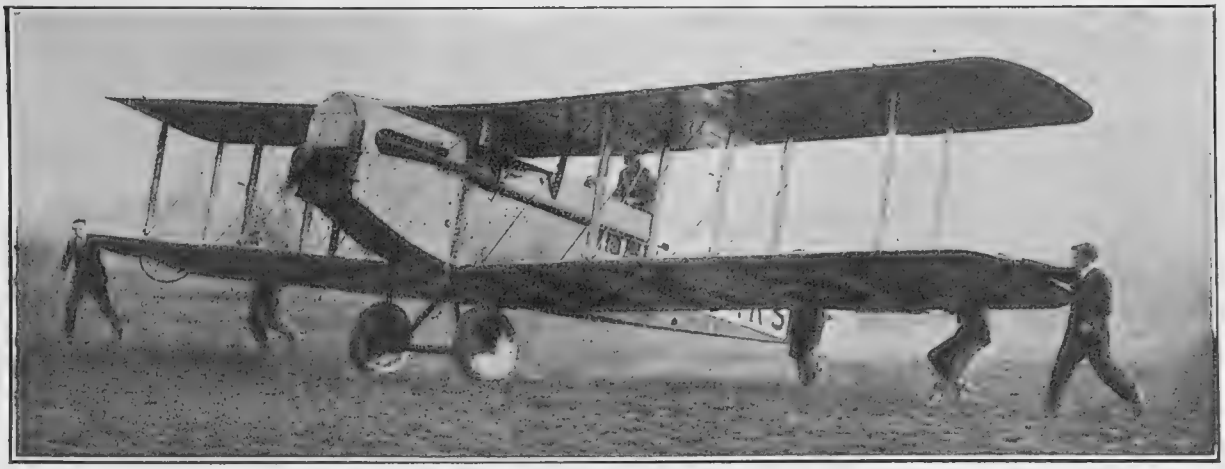

A SOPWITH MACHINE ABOUT TO START FOR AUSTRALIA

This machine started last week on its long journey from Hounslow, and was piloted by Captain George Campbell Matthews

MOTORING & AVIATION

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MOTORING AND AVIATION (concluded)

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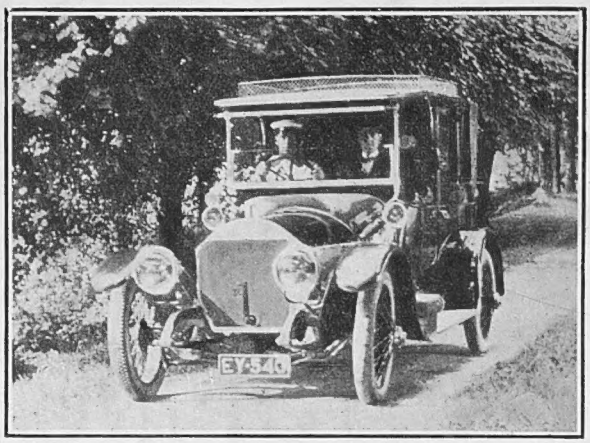

A SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER CAR IN NORTH WALES
Owned by Mr. E. T. John, for many years M.P. for East Denbigh

***

Next week we shall all be in the throes of expectation of what Olympia can reveal in novelties. Personally, I am not expecting to see any epoch-making ideas on the cars themselves. In the good old days a tour of the gallery was the real spot to find novelties. Here the inventor, who had not quite convinced the manufacturer of the real benefits of his idea and improvement for the motor-car, was to be found, and was really the shadow of future events cast before the eyes of the discerning. I expect the gallery will be well worth a visit this year, and, as the prices for admission have been so much increased, visitors to the show can expect more elbow-room to inspect the contents of the stands than formerly. Anyway the annual festival for the motor world is nearly here, so that London will be able to welcome Mr., Mrs., and the little Motor Agents, to say nothing of their customers, as of yore, and do it with zest. More power to their elbow.

OLD HY.

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Arrol - Johnston
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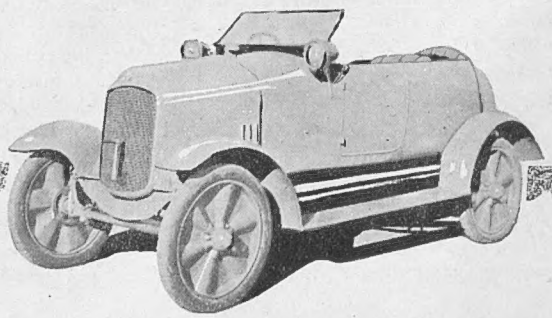

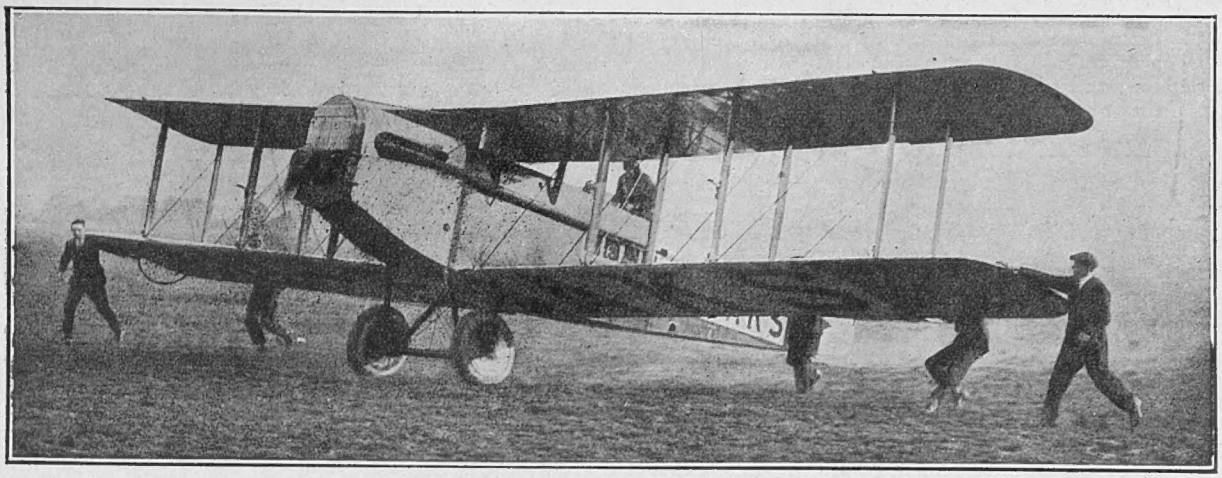

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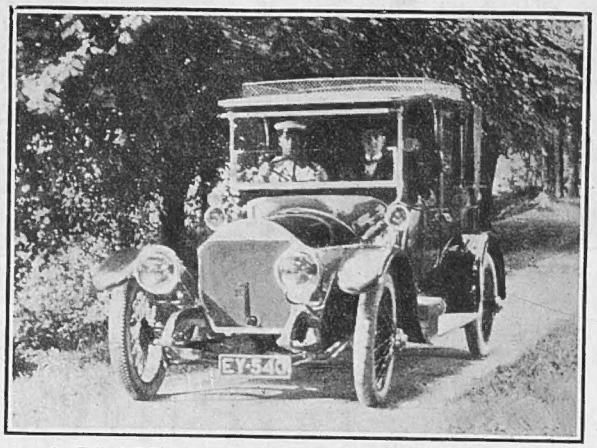
It is announced that the business of Brown Bros., Ltd., and James Thomson and Son (Motor Factors), Ltd., Edinburgh, have amalgamated. Mr. J. Albert Thomson, chairman and managing-director of the Edinburgh company, becomes one of the managing directors of Brown Bros., Ltd., while several of the London company's directors will join the Edinburgh board. So Albert Brown and his brothers are going to be helped by the other Albert. All I can say is that if this means I am going to have any more than ten novelties sprung on me per week, I shall take a depot myself to store them in, as I cannot find space enough in these columns to review them as quickly as they appear. Jokes aside, there never was a firm who can supply so many useful gadgets to motorists, or who are so prolific in inventing or giving service, as something novel and really useful is added to their stock every week. Northern motorists will thereby get the benefit of their novelties now by this amalgamation.



A SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER CAR IN NORTH WALES
Owned by Mr. E. T. John, for many years M.P. for East Denbigh

* * *

Next week we shall all be in the throes of expectation of what Olympia can reveal in novelties. Personally, I am not expecting to see any epoch-making ideas on the cars themselves. In the good old days a tour of the gallery was the real spot to find novelties. Here the inventor, who had not quite convinced the manufacturer of the real benefits of his idea and improvement for the motor-car, was to be found, and was really the shadow of future events cast before the eyes of the discerning. I expect the gallery will be well worth a visit this year, and, as the prices for admission have been so much increased, visitors to the show can expect more elbow-room to inspect the contents of the stands than formerly. Anyway the annual festival for the motor world is nearly here, so that London will be able to welcome Mr., Mrs., and the little Motor Agents, to say nothing of their customers, as of yore, and do it with zest. More power to their elbow.

OLD HY.

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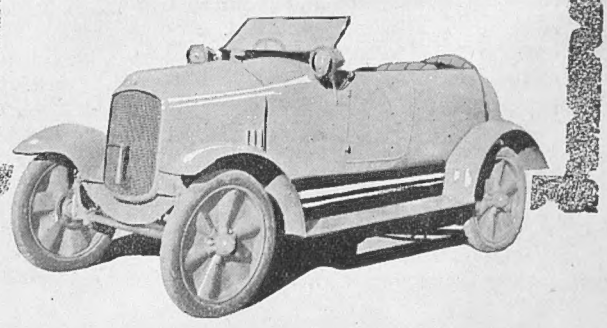

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